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The figure that you here see, put
Was for H. Buston Forman cut,
Amid his household gods to bide
And relics culled from far and wide.
This book is his on whom you look:
For Scott his graving tackle took

And etched the man to watch therein.
That none by guile the book might win.
Then note fur! of great and small
The world holds books enough for all.
Of roughly handling this beware;
And put it in its place with care.

H. Forman

NC-
Dublin





THE LION
AND
THE WATER-WAGTAIL:

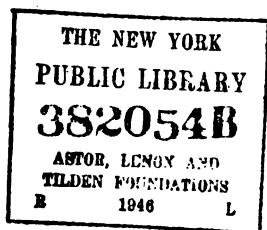
A
MOCK HEROIC POEM,
IN THREE CANTOS.

BY CASTIGATOR.

Ant per ridiculum aut severe dicere. CICEERO.

15
LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
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1809.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

14, 1746
The following Poem is a sort of prediction.
It was planned, and almost entirely executed,
at the time when the Duke of YORK sent in
his resignation; so very easy was it, even
then, to anticipate every event which has
since taken place. If this Work should
strengthen, in any degree, those symptoms
which at present seem to confirm that the
nation will be restored to a sound way of
thinking, the Author's hopes and expecta-
tions will be abundantly gratified; and, as
the strongest and most meritorious trait in
the ENGLISH character is to atone for error,
perhaps the good people of this kingdom
may be content to carry on their work of
reform, without seeking to reflect on any
illustrious person, or conniving at any ca-
lumnny directed against the peace of their
Sovereign.



CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The poem—Its propriety questioned—That doubt examined—The poem explained—Motive for its position—Apology, as a substitute for an invocation—The subject begun—Its drift exposed—Remarks—The subject goes on—The introduction of Envy—Of her sons, who console their mother—Envy in despair, in spite of her sons' condolence—Is a little comforted—Envy's sons introduce Hope to her—Apostrophe on love—Envy enlarges on the subject—Yet cautions her sons—The Lion's first introduction to the Wagtail—Her complete dominion over him—She is discarded—She meditates revenge—Serious reflection—The Wagtail's plot begins to thicken—She consults the sons of Envy—She breaks with them—Their consultation together—Proposal of one of them—The proposal succeeds—One of the sons of Envy envies his brother—They pass the Rubicon—Their visit to their mother accounted for—A look at the Wagtail—She considers—doubts—deliberates—and determines—Sends for her tools—One of them abuses and leaves her—Disquisition on party—Summons to the trial.

THE LION
AND
THE WATER WAGTAIL.

CANTO I.

I WRITE, by indignation spurred,
A poem to explain a word.

Well : the assertion's not so bold ;
You might ten poems write on gold ;
Twenty on love, ere you could fix
That will-o'-th'-wisp through all its tricks ;
And, if you'd further have addition,
What do you think, friend, of ambition?

You've well explained the three degrees,
But my word's stronger than all these.

Gold to the mind 's a paralysis,
That comfort from the mind dismisses ;
An altar men to mammon raise,
To damn themselves a thousand ways,
Till they in riches roll, secure,
And own no crime, but to be poor ;
And, as if Nature's fair proportion
'T were good to shrink to an abortion ;
That order which has formed the world
'T were meet we into ruin hurled ;
That beauty, every where dispersed,
'T were requisite should be reversed.

And as, when atoms formed the mass,
It wonderfully came to pass,
All nature did to order fly,
And wrought the earth to symmetry ;
So gold, to make impure perfection,
Acts as if men had made election



Of some ingenious trick to play us,
And turn creation into chaos.

Life, fame, and happiness, are sold,
And barter'd, for almighty gold.
Virgins are given, with all their charms,
To misery, in withered arms.
Gold can engender treason, plot ;
On purity can fix a blot ;
Make black look fair, truth's blossoms blight,
Can purify an ETHIOPE white,
Can falsehood substitute for fact,
Can magnify, or can contract ;
And yet, though gold 's so great a curse,
My word means something ten times worse.

Love was well guessed ; yet still you 're
wrong.

To love worse attributes belong

Than even to gold ; love can destroy,
While it holds out delicious joy,
Relations, friends, whole families ;
Love, like the false hyena's cries,
In winning smiles hides fatal ruin,
And lures men on to their undoing ;
Love can the wisest men estrange,
And into apes and asses change ;
Love is a witchery, a spell,
A very TARTARUS, a hell,
Where we each kind of torture share,
No LETHE to relieve our care.
Ambition, SATAN's chief high-priest,
To passions points, greatest and least ;
Look at the world, in any era,
When it not proved a mere chimera ;
A journey where no art can trace
A prospect, road, or resting-place.
Ambition never finds its joys
But when it murders, and destroys.



We should, 'gainst truth while not re-
volved,

Humble ourselves to be exalted;
But wild ambition still has tumbled
From dizzy heights to be more humbled.
Is there humility, or pain,
But mad ambition must sustain?
Impracticable passion! worse
Than all the toils of SISYPHUS!
That, without mode or regularity,
Erects a fane to popularity,
Where pile on pile at random's hurled,
Till, towering, it o'erlook the world,
Only to make its fall inglorious,
More terrible, and more notorious.

My word means none of these ; these tend
Some point to gain, to embrace some end ;
My word, that so the mind can thrall,
Tends to embrace no end at all ;

And did the pens of all the men
That ever wielded them, again,
Again, and yet again imbibe it
With its own gall, 't would not describe it.

My word means truth in falsehood's guise,
Pretends, through ignorance, to be wise ;
Through candour, reason, and fair dealing,
It means bad deeds, picking, and stealing ;
To crush to dust no matter whom,
And hunt fair Merit to its tomb ;
But more it means, its daily food
To interrupt the public good ;
Glares in life's sky a mere par'helion,
And takes all hues, like theameleon ;
It can distress, can banter, quiz,
Be every thing but what it is ;
Can make vice virtue, can inherit
Rage, madness, every thing but merit ;



Can so delight in blood and death,
 That the three witches in **MACBETH**,
 With all they in their cauldron threw,
 Could not the human mind subdue
 To a humility, a state
 Such as this word can meditate.

Most, 't is to love destruction known,
 Any destruction, even its own ;
 And were a goodly isle, and fair,
 Seen floating in the ambient air,
 Based by strong adamantine powers,
 And ruled by freedom, such as ours ;
 Could every votary catch a rope
 Attached to this fair isle, in hope
 To pull it topsy-turvy down,
 Regardless of his neighbour's crown,
 Still tug would every stupid elf,
 Though Sampson-like he crushed himself.

To sum up all : if we suppose
 A troop of human nature's foes,
 Who make it their supreme employ
 To blast their fellow-creatures' joy ;
 Who torture ingenuity,
 And, common sense perverted, try
 To make men sink, despair, and droop—
 This word describes that very troop ;
 Who hoard up poison foul, in loads,
 To spit on happiness like toads,
 And loathsome leave the sane and hearty ;
 My word means these : what is it?—PARTY

To this vile word I mean to trace
 All the humility, disgrace,
 The contumely, and the shame,
 Canker to worth and bane to fame,
 Grafted upon this poisonous cion,
 With which 't was meant to wound my Lion

But Providence, in whose blest care
 All fragile human beings are,
 And who forbids such filthy dirt
 The innocent should ever hurt,
 Their subtle machinations foiled,
 Till on themselves the shaft recoiled.

And here I ought to invoke some Muse,
 A mode no poet should refuse ;
 But, as there 's not in point a case
 Like this, the measure 's not in place ;
 For till such Muses can be seen
 As Envy, Hatred, Canker, Spleen,
 Rancour, Revenge, Abhorrence, Malice,
 Their insignia each a poisoned chalice,
 I 'll none : such will not serve my turn ;
 All Muses should be heaven-born ;
 Else poets, in that case, might level
 Their minds till they invoked the devil ;

But since, by exorcism and spell,
 I'll conjure up no Muse from mell,
 Or any Muse but a devout one,
 I'll let my poem go without one ;
 Unless, indeed, my verse I season
 With Heaven's best Muses, Truth and Reason
 And these, who fiction hate, and joking,
 Will willing come without invoking.

An aged Lion, whose deserts
 Were stamp'd upon his people's hearts ;
 Who still remembered, in their prayers,
 That on his life depended theirs ;
 The safety of whose mighty throne
 In health and peace, secured their own ;
 Whose true devotion, like a saint,
 Not party's self e'er dared to taint ;
 And who, as father, husband, king,
 A mighty people's praises ring ;

Who rules o'er an extensive land,
Persons and hearts at his command ;
While warring worlds attest his fame,
Who dread and wonder at his name ;
The consort of his ample throne
Bred up in virtues like his own ;
His young who every heart inspire
With hope, the sons of such a sire,
Yet who through his unquiet reign
Deserved that peace he ne'er could gain ;
By Party, who, with conscience sable,
Loves to make Virtue miserable,
Was by a slander, as a knife,
Cut to the vitals late in life.
Party had grudged his envied lot,
And sought to wound him in some spot
Most vulnerable, " next his heart,"
That peace and he might ever part ;
Longing to make wounds bleed afresh,
Like SHYLOCK with his pound of flesh,

Party strove hard his mind to shock ;
But he, as fixed as his own rock,
Though veering, pointed, like a gnomon,
To truth alone, firm as a ROMAN.

A princely Lion of his race,
With foul indelible disgrace
To stain, they fearlessly accuse ;
And, that they might no moment lose,
A large assembly they convene—
Sure such a crew was never seen !
A herd of disappointed fools,
Deserted females worked to tools,
Whose easy minds they hoped to ply on,
To sink to obloquy our Lion.
These, through some curious trump-up story,
Strove to diminish LEQ's glory,
And every strange intelligence,
Through many a various pretence,



They could find out, invent, or gather,
To ruin him with his great father ;
But, what was their best recreation,
To vilify him to the nation.

The engine of their plot was this :
LEO would oft upon some miss
Direct his royal eyes ; and, as
There is, will be, and ever was,
Plenty of flirts who lie in wait,
From vanity, ambition, state,
To catch weak gulls, who, unawares,
Run headlong in their dangerous snares,
While cunning knaves make that a handle
Still to the devil to hold the candle,
And, to this commerce turning panders,
To furnish food for their own slanders,
Till, with consummate trick and art,
They rule the stupid victim's heart,

And then, from motives heterogeneal,
Conjure up lies from errors venial.

As cases of this sort, infinite,
From ADAM even to this minute,
May be adduced, from prince to pedlar,
Where some insidious artful medler
His rancour at fair fame has levelled,
Has honour, truth, and worth bedevilled,
Bespattered the good name of his chief,
And dealt about him glorious mischief ;
Where art, remorseless and unfeeling,
The bad made worse, the good concealing,
Callous to virtue and to fame,
Can blast the most exalted name ;
Invent some diabolic story,
The more the risk the more the glory,
Turning each blessing to a curse,
And make the better cause the worse :—

these are common things, I say,
 life that happen every day ;
 the wonder is not, what they did,
 but sworn to do what they were bid ;
 the grand surprise is, that, this touch,
 they did not do ten times as much ;
 for they 'd a subject for their ire,
 who well they knew had oft stood fire ;
 from danger who would never wince ;
 and then this subject was a Prince !
 at all they could effect, and what,
 and every thing that they could not,
 who they all were, what their pretence,
 by they lost sight of common sense,
 the views and motives of this faction,
 is time I now bring into action.

The King—would every king were such !
 whom no words can say too much,

To guard the nation 'gainst alarms,
 Had always named a chief in arms,
 Whose skill and courage were well known
 This post he gave his second son ;
 One, educated in a state
 Whose monarch bore the name of Great ;
 A king who oft to victory led,
 And many a valiant hero bred.
 The nation hailed the King's assent,
 And every soldier was content.

ENVY with scowl his greatness eyed—
 For when was ENVY satisfied ?
 Rank falsehoods constantly was ripping,
 In hopes to catch the hero tripping ;
 But LEO fixed his plans, gradations,
 Promotions, by such regulations
 In each division, every corps,
 As never had been known before ;

service rewarded, merit raised,
 and through the army was so praised,
 that even ENVY, in dismay,
 had not a single word to say.

Her sons, who every thing oppose,
 tried but in vain to sooth her woes,
 they bid her hope. "Alas!" cried she,
 There's not a glimpse of hope for me.
 have I not pried? have I not lurked?
 have not my lies like poison worked?
 have I not tried to find a flaw
 in every military law?
 have I not laboured, but in vain,
 his spotless character to stain?
 have not you, children dear, essayed
 to lend me your ingenious aid?
 have white look black? and red turn blue?
 if truth made lies? and so subdue

Even us, that our own words betray us,
 Reason distorting to a chaos ?
 Low to confusion shall we fall ;
 He knows, and he disdains us all.
 Vainly shall clank my galling chain,
 My palsied snakes shall hiss in vain !
 I'll my vile glass to atoms tread,
 And tear the nightshade from my head."
 " Comfort, dear mother," cried the crew.
 " Comfort !—ah, ye unhappy few,
 Alas ! where shall I comfort find ?
 Where is the ease for ENVY's mind,
 When goodness, which I so detest,
 Spite of my arts, can yet be blessed ?
 Spite of my diabolic spirit,
 Merit will still encourage merit !
 Snakes hiss my dirge—hark how they whiz !
 There 's no help for me !"—" But there is.
 We 've in this brilliant found a flaw."
 ENVY, who catches at a straw,



At this word gave a frantic roar,
 And looked more ugly than before;
 Polished her glass, to make it bright,
 Trimmed up her sprigs of aconite,
 Kissed all her snakes, embraced her chain,
 And was her former self again !

“ A flaw ! dear boys ; we ’ll make ’t a hole
 Profound enough to whelm his soul.”

“ What we avow, dear Ma’am, we ’ll
 prove;
 The pretty master is in love ;
 Now do you see what we are at ?
 We have him snug, for out of that——”

“ What, out of that ? fine news you tell us.
 He is in love, and you are jealous,
 And, far from thinking that disgrace,
 Would willingly be in his place.”

" Dear Madam, you shall be delighted.
 You know, at first, you are near-sighted ;
 But when you 're told our studied plan,
 Then blame us for it if you can.
 A plot we have—it is engendered—
 To CALUMNY he shall be rendered.
 When you know how we 've hit this blot,
 ' You 'll own the plot 's as good a plot,
 ' And we shall pluck,' when we 've tol
 half t' ye,
 ' From the weed love, the flower safety ;'
 Love, that from pinnacles has hurled
 The greatest monarchs in the world!
 Why, did not ANTONY give up
 The world, to revel, dine, and sup,
 And scour the streets, like braggarts tipsy,
 For nature's wonder, his fair gypsy?
 See pyramids, and pyres, and buryings,
 And fish i' the CYDNUS for red herrings ?

“ Did not **SERVILIA**, **CATO**’s sister,
 Boast of what conquerors had kissed her ?
 And did not she, for one to please her,
 Take to her arms great **JULIUS CÆSAR** ;
 ’Bout which the Romans made a pother,
 Because that she was **BRUTUS**’ mother ?
 For, as the ancient **BRUTUS** won
 Laurels, because he killed his son,
 So when, i’ the **ROMAN** capitol,
 Our **BRUTUS** saw great **CÆSAR** fall,
 Some said, for aught that they could gather,
 It might be **BRUTUS** killed his father.

“ Love, that for many thousand years
 Has set all nations by the ears ;
 Has lust’s dominion made to thrive ;
LEANDER swim, and **SAPPHO** dive ;
 Caused all the pranks of **Madam LAIS** ;
 Made an incendiary, for **THAIS**,

Of the great victor of the world ;
 Who, after he had empires hurled,
 And conquered kings who dared to flout him,
 And pretty smartly laid about him,
 His thousands killed, gained that renown,
 Which in one minute he kicked down ;
 Love made him in a drunken frolic,
 Inspired by demons diabolic,
 Brandish a torch, at her desire,
 And set a crazy fane on fire.

“ Have not these things been dashing
 reckoned
 Ere since the time of CHARLES THE SE-
 COND?
 With whom this folly was so common,
 He gave up DUNKIRK for a woman.

“ What in all history’s contained,
 But battles lost, and battles gained,

To please some fair, who saw 'em back,
 Stood by and clapped 'em on the back,
 And coolly witnessed wounds and slaughters,
 And mangled sires, and wives and daughters,
 Till all the world was up in arms,
 To 'venge, or compliment her charms?
 At torch of Love War lights up his,
 To kindle human miseries;
 And some fell fair, as she unfolds it,
 With fiend-like exultation holds it;
 And this we've heard of each commander,
 From the TROJAN boy to ALEXANDER."

"All this is true," cried ENVY, "boys;
 Love has made up my best of joys;
 'Tis in my philters the ingredient
 Makes men to nature disobedient.
 I mixed it in the cup of Fate;
 I coined the word, for it means Hate;



And, to use females as my tools,
 I gave them vanity—the fools !
 And thus they think the devastations,
 Pell-mell that fall on states and nations,
 Originate from some fair she,
 When all the glory 's due to me.
 Beware then every amorous elf :
 A'n't I a female, lads, myself ?
 And, though you all are ENVY's sons,
 And the danger he may read who runs,
 Even you had better all beware,
 Lest you rush in some sorceress' snare,
 Till, to crush others' honour prone,
 In love, you may 'forget your own.'
 What is your plot?"—"T will make him win
 Though he were ten times o'er a prince.
 You know in him, at the state's expense,
 Is placed unbounded confidence :
 From her hive he can extract honey,
 And finger all the public money."



" I guess your drift ; but I 'm not sure
 You 're in your premises secure ;
 For there 's a justice in this Lion,
 Of the old stock a perfect cion ;
 And all with a true faith perceive it,
 So firm, that even I believe it."

" Ay, but what is not must be made."—
 " That's the best tool in all our trade ;
 And if your miss has art enough,
 With that tool to work up his stuff,
 And wound him through some specious
 hint,
 I then shall think there 's something in 't."

" Ma'am, you shall hear—As LEO wan-
 dered,
 And on the nation's safety pondered
 Among his father's ancient oaks,
 Some birds abused all kinds of folks ;

And, as they fluttering hopped about,
 Exactly like a lady's rout,
 They scandalized, from limb to limb,
 All the great folks, nor spared even him.
 One, with a deep-laid plot in view,
 Soon silenced the loquacious crew,
 And loudly told them, to their shame,
 They vilified a sacred name;
 Then drew his picture, in such strains,
 That had APOLLO taken pains
 To draw a face; had PHIDIAS
 Wrought to a graceful form a mass,
 And sage MINERVA been inclined
 To honour with that form a mind
 Such as she might perfection call,
 Her picture had outdone them all.

" 'I'll leave you, slanderers,' cried st
 And instant hopped to the next tree.

LEO was anxious to behold her ;
 She instant perched upon his shoulder.
 And now he saw court his embrace
 A **WAGTAIL** smiling in his face ;
 And, as his fingers touched its claws,
 Sensations felt, nor knew the cause ;
 A kiss assured him 't was not pain,
 While the fond **WAGTAIL** kissed again.
 Soon **LEO** swore, without reflection,
 To take it under his protection ;
 And, as it prated like a starling,
 Called it his dear, his pretty darling."
 " Without reflection ! why ? " — " Because
 This was to violate the laws ;
 For **LEO** had, to crown his life,
 And serve the nation, ta'en a wife.

" Long did this **WAGTAIL** ride and rule him,
 And any way she listed fool him ;

Till grave reflection taking place,
 Due to his honour and his race,
 Lest he became the nation's scoff,
 One effort made, he shook her off.

“ ‘T is well!’ cried she, ‘ I ’ll make him
 smart,
 ‘ And cut him to the very heart.
 ‘ My turn is served ; I ’ve had my ends ;
 ‘ I ’ll turn him over to my friends ;
 ‘ As souls, when they ’ve committed evil,
 ‘ Are handed over to the devil.
 ‘ The documents, drawn by my snares,
 ‘ I have reserved for my affairs.’
 And true it was ; the Lion, fond,
 Had wise discretion gone beyond ;
 And, while she ’d wheedle and cajole,
 Had given himself to her control ;
 And, as upon these occasions
 Lovers are fools by such persuasions,

Such infamy while he 'd protected,
His honour he 'd too much neglected ;
And, though no heart that ever beat
With principle was more replete;
Yet this occasion tempted foes
To multiply on him such woes,
As might, for I will not dissemble,
Make even the stoutest hero tremble.
And, though I like not to be grave,
Let me be pardoned if I have
Lamented ever since, to think
This noble mind upon the brink
Of folly should so heedless stray;
When honour led the only way
Where he might in that splendour move,
Which challenges each good man's love;
Extend his name, keep up his state,
And his great father emulate.
Instead of which, of bad intent
Though I believe him innocent,

Most sacredly, and would hold fast
 These words, even though they were my last
 Yet has he given too wide a scope
 To curb and dash the people's hope."

"The WAGTAIL cried, 'I'll make men think
 ' He is of ruin on the brink ;
 ' That honour, prudence, credit, state,
 ' My arts have made him violate.'
 Next, that to shame he might be trapt,
 She sought our crew ; she found them apt,
 And told them she had damning proof
 She could produce in their behoof.
 It should be known, she used each wile
 To win his thousands through a smile ;
 And, as she played her cards so neatly,
 And won his reason so completely,
 She still was laying up a fund
 Of arts, which LEO should have shunned,

That, when the moment she expected
 Should once arrive ; when, unprotected,
 She should with shame be turned adrift,
 Would help her out at a dead lift.
 Thus while she coaxed and wheedled him
 With well-feigned vows, this little brim,
 A right and true-bred devil's elf,
 Thought of no creature but herself ;
 And by this means she formed a notion,
 As he 'd the army's whole promotion,
 If she could once but raise a stir,
 And make 't believed he suffered her
 On officers to lay a tax,
 And that, in this, they both went snacks,
 His enemies 't would be rare fun for,
 And—her own words—that he 'd be done for.*

To ENVY's sons, to make him smart,
 She thought she 'd this deep scheme impart,
 They heard her, seconded her views,
 And hugged themselves at such good news.

" So then you 've documents that prove
 This credulous Lion, lost in love,
 Has given up, for that pretty face,
 What will o'erwhelm him with disgrace?"—
 " I have," cried she ; " and be but mum,
 I 'll give 'em up for a round sum."—
 " That's speaking out."—" Come, what's the
 score?"—

" Ten thousand pounds."—" I 'll give you
 four ;

Ten, my dear Ma'am, 's too hard a bargain."—

" Then there 's no further need of arguing ;

If you don't think it worth that trifle

A Prince of all his fame to rifle,

A father to make miserable,

And a whole nation grieve, 't is well :

I 'll never 'peach, I give you warning ;

And so, I wish you a good morning ;

Nor will believe, for this one action,

You 're born of Envy, nursed by Faction."

So said, out of the door she flounced ;
 And, scarcely was this news announced,
 But all the crew were in the dumps.
 Cried one, " We 've managed ill our trumps ;
 'T is worth ten thousand, as I live."
 " Then give it."—" Me ! I 've none to give."—
 " And as for me," cried t' other viper,
 Who generally had paid the piper,
 " Though I well pleased would vilify
 The Prince, and all his family,
 I will not give a stiver more,
 So 't is all up, the gammon 's o'er."
 Cried one, " You make too much ado.
 You offered four, give me but two ;
 I 'll undertake, on some pretence,
 To get you all the documents."
 " Will you ?"—" Why, have you yet to learn,
 I make all females serve my turn ?
 With such a passion I 'll instil her !
 Why, a'n't I called the Lady-killer ?

The craftiest she, I can, with ease,
 Coax, till she do whate'er I please;
 For ready cash, or promise annual,
 Just fetch and carry like a spaniel."
 He sought the lady, roused her pride,
 Found vanity her weakest side,
 And so succeeded with this dame,
 She seemed a fool at her own game.
 With compliments did so bespatter her,
 Did so be-angel and be-flatter her,
 That what she asked ten thousand pounds for,
 And stoutly stickled she 'd good grounds for,
 So well was ogled pretty miss,
 She gave him for a single kiss.

This was the whole he'd let them guess;
 They praised his merit and address,
 Little believing, though 't was true,
 She had, like him, her arts in view;

And, that she might this easy fool,
 When she should need him, make a tool,
 To furnish her a house she coaxed him ;
 That she might brag how well she hoaxed him ;
 And, like a tennis-player, all risque
 To guard against, having this bisque.

Thus, in each vile confederacy,
 The devil takes care, some specious lie,
 The parties, in some form or other,
 Shall still impose on one another,
 To guard themselves, till, in conclusion,
 It may be broached to their confusion.

He carried to the crew the prize,
 And only bade them trust their eyes.
 Each felt it like electric fire ;
 Next he demanded his just hire.
 This introduced a little breeze ;
 But he was paid—in promises,

And told he should have such protection,
 That, when the nation's next election
 Should come about, by an intrigue
 He should be chosen his colleague—
 To do this deed I'll thus compel you on.
 "Why, ay," cried one, '*this looks rebel-*
lion!'

Then let's about it, lest we lose him.
 Have you the spirit to accuse him
 Of any thing, his fame to stain?
 Why, won't his loss turn out my gain?
 Then do not look at one another
 With any doubt; I'm a new brother;
 Yet am alert, at Faction's call,
 As the most hardened of you all.
 Who doubts my zeal, when gain's in
 view?

Is't you—or you—or you—or you?
 I have your creed, like you, by heart;
 Can practise it in every part;

And, while my interest conscience stifles,
 You'll never find me stick at trifles."

"I give you joy," cried one; "I feared,
 As in our cause you're lately reared,
 You might not stomach, howe'er com-
 mon,

To plead the cause of a loose woman."—

"I know I've a great deal to swallow;
 But you shall see me distance, hollow,
 However conscious shame may bore me,
 All that have ever gone before me;
 Nor will I, like that fool, half witted,
 Who an EAST-INDIA Nabob twitted
 With murders, rapines, frauds, and stains,
 Which he had coined from his own brains,
 When I have called him all to nought,
 And proved my folly, not his fault,
 In coward grief and wan despair,
 That half-bred villains' minds can scare,

Myself, to the Devil to devote,
 Go home and cut my dastard throat:
 No, no, our vengeance shall be sweeter,
 And, to pay PAUL, we will rob PETER."—
 "Agreed! resolved! to the proof! come on!
 We now have passed the RUBICON;
 And to Revenge we'll raise a pyre
 Shall set the capital on fire!"

The sum of this, with wicked grin,
 They swore to prove through thick and
 thin.

Next they proposed to one another,
 As we have seen, to seek their mother;
 Who, having heard their specious story,
 Became a fiend in all her glory.
 And now, by ENVY's spells infested,
 Their mode of action well digested,
 Their measures, plans, and all things ready,
 'T is time we wait upon the lady.

She of one thing had sore repented,
 That, fool-like, she had e'er consented
 To give up documents of moment
 That must the weighty business foment
 To a most dread and dangerous height,
 And then to pocket nothing by't!
 But, she so sweetly had been kissed,
 How could the tender fool resist?
 "Well, come," cried she; "I'm not the first
 Who has giv'n up the world for lust;
 And, since these proofs are from me gone,
 I'll try to find some of my own.
 Thanks to my prudence, there are fools
 Whom yet I'll work with, as my tools,
 To whom I promises have made
 To carry on this specious trade,
 Till to believe, they are contented,
 My power such as I've represented;
 But what if they should overreach
 My schemes, turn evidence, and 'peach?

What then? still will I make a rout,
And, though convicted, brazen 't out."

Nor is there any mighty difference;
'T is hard to say which has the preference
In this strange world, or most can hurt you
In its opinion—vice, or virtue;
You 'll gain a conquest great and glorious
In either, so you 're but notorious.
Is it not told of old NOLL CROMWELL,
Who in their skits all men did hum well,
Who with a friend was passing by,
When "Long live CROMWELL!" was the cry;
"D'ye hear," cried he, "these roaring boys?"
"Why, Sir, they'd make the self-same noise,
With which they shout me to my palace,
If I were followed to the gallows."

There was a time when vice meant
shame,
And virtue a respected name :



Now people are not quite so nice;
For, though given up to every vice,
Only "put money in your purse,"
The good cause shall appear the worse;
For we 're arrived at that dear time
When poverty's the only crime.

So said, to help out her intrigues,
She quickly sent for her colleagues,
And told them of her sad disaster;
That love, whose power no power can master,
Had, in one sweet delicious minute,
Rifled her casket and all in it;
Yet still she 'd stand to the thing stout,
And wanted them to help her out.
One, deaf to all that she could say,
Stormed like old HECATE in the play;
And asked how she had ta'en the whim
To act without consulting him?

Since she had thought, for private ends,
 So shamefully to shirk her friends,
 He, and he did not think 't would grieve
 her,

Stuck firmly in the mire would leave her.
 "What!" cried he, "in her lies and slander
 Shall I the tool be and the pander,
 And the convenience of a tippy!
 Adieu! I'll meet thee at PHILLIPPI!"

"'T is well," cried she, "I'll meet thee
 there ;

Be faithful, or my ire beware,
 Lest by my art, that half the nation
 Shall, spell-bound, lure to fascination,
 I turn the tables in my rage,
 And make you whistle in a cage!"

The murmurer growled and went his way ;
 The rest like spaniels all obey.

So then this fool has spit his spite.

"T is now " the witching time of night."

"What 's to be done!—they dar'n't turn
tail;

But, if they did, I cannot fail;

One fool is caught, he cannot stir,

He 's bound to the Upholsterer,

Who shall not slip a jot of 's bond;

Of him I 'll seem to grow so fond,

That he may make himself quite busy,

Till vanity shall turn him dizzy;

And when he his career has run,

When town and country have begun

To load him with their praise and thanks,

I 'll cut him short in all his pranks.

So far, so good; and now, 't were well

I meet my love at the hotel."

And now one word, just to inquire

What's Party, some so much admire?

What solitary good has 't done
 In its professions? show me one
 Where, with its specious strains so smooth,
 It has maintained the cause of truth?
 That those in power should be well watched,
 Lest at their posts they're napping caught,
 I hold it right; fair the position,
 There should be always opposition,
 Statesmen to keep on the alert;
 But that their feelings should be hurt
 By kuaves, who know to slip and cog,
 The wheels of the machine to clog,
 Merely because they make a rout
 That some are in and some are out,
 Will ne'er, whatever their pretence,
 Be reconciled by men of sense.

Have not high words alarmed the na-
 tion
 'Gainst men accused of speculation?



What shame they 've sworn such men to
doom to,

And after all what has it come to?

When Nabobs in their claws they 've got 'em,

They swear they 'll sift to the very bottom ;

And so they do ; they swear and curse,

Till they have sifted every purse,

And, soon as ever these get low,

They exonerate and let 'em go.

If Patriots live not in a brawl,

They 'd better not exist at all ;

For were their clamour let alone,

The harmless things would not be known.

In short, not one of all the crew

A worthy motive has in view ;

But deals about his wordy blows

For no end else, but to oppose.

He has no enmity, good soul !

To him he 'd put under control ;

But, though his words are mild and civil,
 His actions wish him at the devil ;
 Yet the same man, whom thus he rides,
 An Angel were, did he change sides.

I'll put it stronger still, and show
 He who to every thing says No,
 And swears there's nothing right, to-day,
 Let him to-morrow come in play ;
 And, though the self-same nothing's dis-
 closed
 Which he the day before oppos'd,
 Without a blush, would acquiesce
 And be the loudest to say Yes out,
 What's Party then ? a patriot and
 Who would do nothing underhand ?
 An honest set, their country's friends,
 Who, rather than for private ends,
 Millions from treachery to derive,
 Would covet to be minced alive ?

Or is it, who ner wish, nor care,
 The applause of fools so they can share,
 If King, Lords, Commons, all the nation
 Were sunk into annihilation?

A Patriot out thus on will run :
 " Listen to me, or you 're undone."
 Hey, pass ! begone ! his party win,
 The Patriot by some means comes in ;
 The very thing we were to rue,
 That all the nation would undo,
 And which our indignation rouses,
 He with best eloquence espouses.
 Then tell not me of pure intentions,
 And sacred honour !—He who mentions
 Such common-place you may believe
 Only laughs at you in his sleeve.

'Tis not to the conduct of this Duke,
 Or t' other Lord, you are to look,

Or Nabob, Treasurer, Commissioner,
Or any other state practitioner :
To trace the source of all their arts,
You are to look into their hearts ;
And if, in looking there, with grief,
As in a book, if, leaf by leaf,
You find not discontent, dissension,
Perverted honour, bad intention ;
And, to sum up the charge at once,
That they are all foul ENVY's sons——

But hold ; they will have no denial,
And the young Lion's on his trial.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Considerations on unnecessary cruelty—Originates from party—Introduction to the inquiry—Indignation at the violation of decency and decorum—The Wagtail's various contradictions—Enjoyed by the Senators, especially the old dons—Allusion to the boy and the frogs—They are deaf to reproof—The Wagtail triumphs more and more—The Senate ill-naturedly delighted—Illustration of the difference between love and lust—Return to the Senate—The Wagtail begins to carry the joke a little too far—A motion to commit her to prison—Over-ruled—Reasons for so much explanation—The Party's zeal compared to raising the devil—Another comparison—Recurrence to the trial—The understrapper—The Wagtail's doubts of him—The gentleman goes on—A motion to commit him to prison—The evidence—The Senate doubts—Compared to the ass and the two bundles of hay—The thing more and more involved—Threat of the author levelled at the newspapers—The valiant Captain—He is sent to Newgate—Reflection on the motion for commitment—The necessity of conciliating the mob—Remarks on the accuser—Testimonials of Leo's excellent character—Public opinion—The editor of one of the papers taken in hand—He is admonished—Tree of Liberty—Tree of Faction—The trial at an end.

THE LION
AND
THE WATER WAGTAIL

CANTO II.

Al me! that men should take a pleasure,
And hold it as their heart's best treasure,
To seize on minds, as boys do flies,
To practise only cruelties ;
As if the fly were a machine,
Or that its feelings weren't as keen,
Or, tortured, would not writhe and pant,
As much as would an elephant ;
Or that the words of our great bard
Deserved no notice or regard,

Who says, " the very beetle's pains,
 When underfoot he twists and strains,
 Are in corporeal sufferance great
 As when a giant yields to fate."
 Whence can it come ?—from what proceed ?
 For aught I e'er could see or read,
 It is a rank, a poisonous leaven,
 Which makes that hell which might be
 heaven ;
 A deleterious foe to good,
 That mixes in our very blood ;
 A ferment that, in vile pollution,
 Pervades the very constitution ;
 And that her health and strength destroys,
 And kills the mind and all its joys.

It is not Justice ; she ne'er fails
 To hold in equipoise her scales ;
 And, if a doubt but intervenes,
 Justice to godlike mercy leans ;

And should nefarious characters
 The great and noble mind asperse,
 By hanging on a single doubt,
 Justice the calumny will scout ;
 For she in power so even treads,
 Her vengeance falls upon their heads,
 Who dare, with mischievous intent,
 Aim ruin at the innocent.

It is not truth, 't is not reality,
 But 't is a specious kind of quality,
 Put on, not felt ; that shifts, and tries,
 And, in these sacred names, tells lies.

Begone all temporizing coldness !
 Be 't mine to speak, and speak with boldness.
 Are we on earth, for our lives' leases,
 Each other's fame to tear to pieces ?
 Or was to our frail nature given
 That mercy we derived from heaven,

That, frail ourselves, to all our brothers
We deal that good we hope from others?

I traced the road aright at first,
By which good governments are cursed ;
'T is that foul virus of the devil
That taints the heart; and, like an evil,
With crude callosities, and warty,
Corrodes and hardens it—'t is Party.

And now, from candour not to shrink,
Malice to fear or justice blink,
To honour firm, to truth impartial,
Will I this mighty phalanx marshal.

The Party has prepared the charge,
To canvass every thing at large;
All are convened, each witness cited,
And friends and enemies invited;

And the great Senate of the land,
 Who could not forty votes command
 When danger stared us in the face,
 According as they state the case;
 Now, that the question's fun and raillery,
 Is crowded to the very gallery.

Now indignation must take place
 Of Patience' self, at the disgrace,
 That a House, sacred to the laws,
 Is thus defiled by such a cause;
 For, as if nothing they'd neglect,
 Some crime to coin, and then detect,
 As if they ransacked all the stews,
 Fools to corrupt, or to amuse;
 All sorts of creatures were permitted
 To tell whate'er their purpose fitted.
 Thus did not only beasts and birds,
 But noisome reptiles, flock in herds;

Such facts to vouch, such things to name,
That common decency cried shame.

The WAGTAIL's self, expressly plumed,
To give her evidence presumed ;
And vainly thought she could prevail,
Poor fool ! o'er every creature male.
On love, and lust, drew luscious pictures ;
And, as she made on folly strictures,
Gave herself airs genteel and jolly,
To make each fool in love with folly.
" The better to improve those arts
We females practise on your hearts,
I every thing essayed," cried she,
" As in the bed he lay with me,
To make the simple victim sure,
And easier bring him to my lure ;
I shot at him young Cupid's arrows."
" Bravo !" cried out all the cock-sparrows.

Nay, many of the gravest dons
 Forsook their gravity at once ;
 And joined the titter universal,
 Just like the statesman in the Rehearsal,
 Who says, while in with fun he chimes,
 " I merry am myself sometimes."

In short, there scarcely was found one
 Who did not well enjoy this fun ;
 Forgetting, or at least not caring
 The value of an apple-paring,
 That, while they chuckled thus elated,
 All decency was violated ;
 And, though it might be mirth to them,
 Such stuff might innocence condemn,
 As when at frogs, to break their bones,
 The boys in ecstasy threw stones,
 A Frog reproved their gambols thus :
 " What 's sport to you, is death to us."

Yet did the double-entendres fly,
 And the House lost its gravity ;
 Till those, whose minds it could not harden,
 Declared the Senate a bear-garden ;
 And some, but very few, upbraided
 Their fellow-members, thus degraded,
 With loss of dignity, lest fame
 Should say their House had an ill name ;
 But this the tempest could not weather ;
 They did not care a single feather ;
 But on the ticklish subject carried ;
 Though, now and then, some that were
 married
 Kept silent, as in cheese a mouse,
 For fear of an unquiet house.

Still did the Lady talk away,
 Yesterday's truth a lie to-day ;
 Till reversed gradually we see
 The web of chaste PENELOPE ;



For, as PENELOPE's keen art
Was put on to reject each heart,
Our WAGTAIL, to imposture prone,
Plotted to make each heart her own ;
And, for amusement to each elf,
Studied to contradict herself :
Now she had led a virtuous life ;
A widow now, and now a wife ;
Now gloried in all kinds of shames ;
Of various men went by the names ;
Confessed all honour lost, and shame ;
That love and interest were the same ;
And all to pieces LEO pulled,
To show how nobly he 'd been gulled :
Well trammelled in all sorts of games,
Letters produced and quoted names,
Till "She's an angel !" was the cry,
Though not a hearer could tell why ;
Unless the devil helped her out,
That she might truth convert to doubt,

And taught her mankind to deceive,
 Just as he taught our mother EVE,
 Conscious how little truth avails
 When females plead their cause 'fore males.

Thus, to their censure and disgrace,
 Encouragement buzzed round the place ;
 Hints given and insinuated,
 Made this bold creature quite elated,
 Like an exhilarating cup,
 Held out to keep her spirits up ;
 Thus that, at which they clapped and shouted,
 Had they been just, they would have scouted.

Now all the female she put on,
 To interest every tender don ;
 And talked of insults never offered,
 Of inconvenience she ne'er suffered,
 Was indisposed almost to fainting,
 Her arts with skilful colours painting ;

Modelled her voice, controlled each feature,
 ture,

They cried, " Oh what a charming creature !"

Said one, " Where is in this the wonder ?

For me, such influence were I under,

Had I the world, for charms so sweet,

I 'd freely lay it at her feet."

Thus, while her word they deemed a law,

Well pleased at what they thought they

saw,

So sweet, so lovely, and so gracious,

Shown through a medium so fallacious,

Every one thing appeared to savour

Of a decision in her favour ;

Some, blind to sacred verity,

Lost many things they would not see ;

They would not see, or was afraid,

She was retailing out her trade.

Learnt in an army-broker's shop,
 Where she was taught to sell and swop,
 And merit and true worth to cramp,
 Like any trull who plies the camp ;
 They would not see, though plain in place
 As a man's nose upon his face,
 That, for two words of truth divine,
 She of foul lies had uttered nine ;
 And many more things done, inglorious,
 To the whole world which are notorious.
 And, though it is a standing rule,
 Which ev'ry boy has learned at school,
 A liar, though he through truth deceive,
 We ought in no case to believe ;
 Yet to be fact they'd not agree it,
 And thought, or feigned, they could not
 see it ;
 But joined in with the credulous hosts,
 As blind as beetles or as posts..

'T is strange that men should thus revolve ;
Yet these things we can quickly solve ;
Deceptions on our senses fall
Most when ourselves have none at all ;
And then our hearing, feeling, sight,
Turn right to wrong, and wrong to right :
So did it happen in this case ;
They gazed and gazed throughout the place ;
Till, hugging to the hearts the treason,
They wanton pleasure took for reason.

This has in many minds obtained ;
And may be easily explained.

There are two little words that fether
The human mind ; and, to a letter,
Just the same number spells each name,
Though day and night are more the same ;
To explain, if this explain I must,
The one 's called Love, the other Lust.

Love is a gentle, generous passion,
 That never can, in any fashion,
 Its object injure or annoy;
 But always springs from that pure joy
 That, for one bliss it can receive,
 Ten thousand it would freely give;
 And never did a pleasure feign
 By giving even a moment's pain.
 Love is an equal, cheering fire,
 That virtuous pleasure can inspire;
 And, while it never hurts nor harms,
 With gratitude the bosom warms.

Lust, of all these the sad reverse,
 A blessing seems that hides a curse;
 That, while it no one joy secures,
 Its object to destruction lures;
 An equal rapture that can feign,
 And pleasure give that covers pain;

That nothing generous can feel,
 But mischief can and danger deal,
 Which on their heads shall heavy fall,
 Who in its snares it can enthrall.
 Lust is a fierce, unsteady fire,
 That wildest madness can inspire ;
 And, while it loves and hates by turns,
 Who feeds its rage devours and burns ;
 And, to ambition when 't is joined,
 Woe be to that devoted mind
 That then shall have to curse the hour
 It yielded to Lust's wicked power.
 'T is like those foul and poisonous snakes
 That spring on travellers from brakes ;
 Who by their beauty are elated ;
 Till, fixed to one spot fascinated,
 Though sure it will be their undoing,
 Who fancy joy, and grasp at ruin.

Some of these fascinating joys
The Senate felt, old men, and boys ;
And, under their strong influence,
Consulting not even common sense,
Their fancy by the WAGTAIL tickled,
For justice 'gainst the Lion stickled.
At length all truth she so disgraced,
And dealt her falsehoods so barefaced,
One, who indignantly had risen,
Moved she be instant sent to prison,
So much had she her hearers fooled ;
The thing however was o'er-ruled,
Else had it come home to conviction,
That so much stuff and contradiction
To stop the curious trial ought,
And LEO clear from every fault.
But some, as the dispute grew stronger,
Who wished the farce a little longer,
Informed her she might go away,
And come again another day.



Why should I now, 't will be inquired,
 Dwell thus on trash that all has tired?
 Why should I agitate anew
 What ought to sleep, and bring to view
 That which those geniuses phrenetic
 Have made a national emetic?
 Because none ever should neglect
 Conduct nefarious to detect;
 For, in these cases, 't is not fit
 The injured only we acquit;
 It is incumbent on us all
 That shame may on the guilty fall;
 'T is not enough they are admonished,
 They should detected be and punished,

But here 's the mischief in this nation—
 If any, even in highest station,
 Be but accused, to work his buff,
 The guilt 's presumed—and that 's enough;

And still we let the process run,
Though clear as at noon-day the sun,
His innocence, howe'er they vapour,
Appear, or pure as spotless paper.

So we are told, in magic blaze,
When we would wish the devil to raise,
We must provide, his whim to please,
A sack of barley, or of peas,
That he may count them, one by one,
Otherwise we might be undone ;
For else we should infringe the spell,
So dark, that conjured him from hell.
Therefore, like spaniels, we must stroke
him,
Lest to be called it might provoke him ;
And in his ire, to our amazement,
The house he fly with through the case-
ment.

So these dear boys must never wince,
Ev'n though they sacrifice a Prince,
Lest their familiar, the mob,
Of being called dislike the job,
And, not quite joining their deduction,
Give them to popular destruction.

Thus tars, in GREENLAND, never fail
To throw a tub to the struck whale;
And he by them is thought a lubber
Who cannot cut him up for blubber.

And now I take the pen anew
This curious trial to pursue.

Next came a kind of understrapper,
A petty-larceny kidnapper,
Who, while their thousands some demanded,
Was satisfied if he were handed

Ten pieces, or at most fifteen,
 His perquisite as go-between ;
 But, being rather discontented,
 Some of his schemes were circumvented ;
 He, as we've seen, had made his boast
 He'd come again like CÆSAR's ghost,
 And to the Lady showed his rear,
 Which touched her with no little fear ;
 For, from this spark, she apprehended
 Discoveries, that might be attended
 With matters rather awkward, whence
 He might cut up her consequence.

To him she did not choose to trust
 Therefore, like rogues who cry rogue first,
 She warned, and thought her cards well
 played,
 All to believe no word he said ;
 'T is true, this strange anticipation
 To some seemed a corroboration,

That all the curious things she sported,
 Which needed to be well supported,
 Might of her influence make an end,
 Forgetting she must trust a friend;
 And that each pilferer believes
 There's always honour among thieves;
 But howsoe'er the thing might be,
 They all believed, who chose to see,
 What this fair Lady would be at,
 And well knew which way jumped the cat.

The gentleman, a true-bred caitiff,
 Was tolerably communicative;
 And, quite familiar, talked of means
 To promote bishops, prebends, deans,
 And to lend clergymen a lift,
 As if all places were his gift;
 And in this flippant style went on,
 Till, ordered, he was soon withdrawn,

And some, who knew not what his wit
meant,

Voted to prison his commitment.

Thus we have seen already two,
To whom was thought confinement due.

Were I to go through all this mystery
Of depositions, 't would a history
Of two thick folio volumes make ;
But, as 't were better not to rake
In such vile filth ; but, of this mummery,
Rather to give relation summary,
And not spin out or more dilate
That which took three weeks to debate,
I'll forward bring no more relations
That may tire out the reader's patience.

Thus I pass every General, Colonel,
Each doer of gazette diurnal,

'Gainst common sense all the offenders,
 All agents, brokers, money-lenders,
 All plaintiffs, all defendants, jailors,
 All butchers, shoe-makers, or tailors,
 Or music-masters turned commissioners,
 Or those in forgery practitioners,
 Who would like troops, at word o' command,

Find if you set or lent your hand,
 Or who in perjury dig and delve it,
 Or adepts keen in painting velvet,
 Beings equivocal, by dozens,
 Mothers, and aunts, and cater-cousins ;
 Some who declared this wicked plot
 Rose from her power, some it did not ;
 Some who discovered, in their search,
 She ruled the army, and the church ;
 Some said she knew bench, stall, and
 chair ;

Though all declared she'd ne'er been there ;

Some said they knew her all her life,
That she was a mechanic's wife ;
Some said 't was so, and several
Declared she was no wife at all ;
While others said this was not true,
For she 'd one husban^d, if not two ;
And this again was contradicted ;
Nor was she of this crime convicted ;
For one amour was but illicit,
And she had only paid a visit
To an old crony in a brothel,
Which was contended using both ill,
And sunk their infamy the deeper
By calling in the brothel-keeper,
Who could no more declare for 's life
But that they passed for man and wife.

Some of the Members said that 't was hard,
Things were thus left 'twixt hawk and buz-
zard ;

For every thing could not be true ;
And, to determine what to do,
They to their homes each morning went,
Wishing, but finding not, content.

Thus is a jack-ass kept at bay
By two sweet-smelling botts of hay.
He longs for this ; but t'other loath
To leave, he fairly neglects both ;
And, while he 'd fain make choice of either,
Looks like a fool and touches neither.

Thus each day, like the day before,
Puzzled the thing a little more ;
Till to the crowd, as it should seem,
The WAGTAIL's balance kicked the beam ;
Then to the joy of half the town,
Triumphant weighed the LION down ;
Nor could the chronicles refuse
To trumpet forth such glorious news ;

As, if the nation on the brink
 Of ruin in the sea might sink,
 And misery reign in any shape,
 Rather than Læo might escape.

Some such companions, with their fun,
 May find, perhaps, ere I have done,
 However stoutly they may stickle,
 That I have got a rod in pickle ;
 And, though they've challenged him who
 dares
 To invite their wrath, which no one spares,
 They're recreants false, as I shall prove,
 And, in contempt, take up their glove ;
 And they'll find, in a proper season,
 I can not only rhyme, but reason.

Now having wound the WAGTAIL'S
 snares,
 And all her ticklish affairs,

Into a kind of dubious thrall,
I come to Captain what d'ye call—
I had forgot his name—hey—what ?
Well, some names were as well forgot ;
And, as true beauty's more augmented,
And lovely, when least ornamented,
So vice will be the more despised,
When 't is in mystery disguised.

His story lost, the valiant Captain,
Although prevarication apt in,
Did, and undid ; said, and unsaid ;
Proved such a bungler in his trade,
That, though no one could be expliciter,
Not even a Newgate-bred solicitor,
When fraud and perjury were expounding,
And evidence were truth confounding,
Yet this prevaricating hack,
For once, was taken all aback ;

Himself of infamy convicted,
 And contradiction contradicted.
 The matter, which the country knows,
 'T were here unworthy to expose.
 'T is quite enough, to serve our turn,
 If we the consequences learn;
 Which soon were these : his falsities,
 Which he himself confessed were lies,
 He qualified not in the least ;
 But grew at last so gross a beast,
 And took as coolly all the shame
 As if he 'd gained by 't a good name ;
 As if he thought it a thing glorious
 To grow by infamy notorious.

'T was soon agreed by all the quorum,
 That no one yet had come before 'em,
 In all the journals they could mention,
 Who had deserved such reprehension ;

And, further insult to preclude,
They called him impudent and rude ;
And, as they 'd left no other choice,
They censured him as with one voice,
To go to prison for the deed
Whence very lately he 'd been freed.

Who can but choose here to pronounce
The drift of all this thing at once ?
And that, beyond a single doubt,
The conspirators are now found out ?
The WAGTAIL's self, the understrapper,
And this same curious Captain Rapper,
For holding out the self-same tale,
Were deemed fit objects for a gaol ;
And, were there nothing else but this,
The road to truth we cannot miss.
These three concerted every thing,
For him who did the charges bring,



Which, it can never be forgotten,
 Were built on a foundation rotten.
 And 'twill not be amiss to mention,
 Lest they should frustrate her intention,
 As well as him that went before,
 The House she cautioned now once more,
 That this same Captain, in truth's guise,
 Was capable of telling lies;
 Besides, it should be noticed too,
 He did not tell them all he knew;
 And showed quite plain, before 't was
 over,
 He knew much more than he 'd discover.
 Who then shall say, let me be told,
 What language can be found so bold,
 While truth is thus uncontradicted,
 LEO's by evidence convicted?
 A truth so obvious to deny
 I all mankind at once defy.



“ Ay, but,” says SLANDER, “ ’t were to
rob,

Of all their happiness, the mob,
If, as you ask them truth to see,
A great man they let go scot free.
An ENGLISHMAN would be undone,
Did you deprive him of his fun.
Further than this he cannot see :
Now he ’s for WILKES and liberty ;
Now he would set the THAMES on fire,
At a mad nobleman’s desire ;
And now, a little for variety,
He corresponds with a Society
Would turn the nation upside down,
And tear from the King’s head the crown ;
Now thinks his freedom insecure,
That BUONAPARTE ’s at his door.

All this now grown a little stale,
Another tub ’s thrown to the whale,

And BUONAPARTE, LISBON, SPAIN,
And all the world, no more obtain.

A fashion new must make a rout,
Which, nail-like, drives the old one out ;
And what we feared the other day,
To some fresh nonsense must give way.
Thus, as 't was mentioned, to this devil
Devoted party must be civil,
Lest, in despair, themselves they chouse,
While they fly off and take the house.
What else but this could agitate
This strange inquiry ? 't was not hate.
Were LEO's sin of the damning sort
That they pretend, they'd love him for 't ;
Unless indeed each factious limb
His virtues knew, and envied him.



The source it sprung from I have mentioned,
 And all will find it ill intentioned
 Who have but eyes, and won't abuse 'em,
 But take the trouble just to use 'em.

The accuser could not, as he says,
 Fish in the mud for public praise,
 And rally round him Party's friends
 Only for honourable ends;
 Only for truth and justice sake,
 He could not this cause undertake;
 On the broad view, and liberal plan,
 To benefit his fellow man;
 He must have done it with a notion
 'T would stir up mischief and commotion;
 For mud he loves, delights to trade in 't,
 And, though it stinks and sticks, to wade
 in 't.

Putting out those who joined the cause,
 Who, through the people, hate the laws;
 I mean, be't known, the very few
 In its extent who *said* 't was true ;
 For no one *thought* so; nay, each elf
 Knew ENVY said the same herself,
 Not those who conscientious joined,
 And thought they could some symptoms
 find
 Of guilt, forgetting, in this deed,
 A trap was held out to mislead.

At these things not to take one look,
 What were the steps the accuser took?
 What means did he contrive to get
 The meshes that had formed this net?
 Papers he must have, to control 'em,
 And, since she would not give 'em, stole
 'em ;

Just as some cully of the night,
 In whom such ladies most delight,
 Consents, and not the thing to botch,
 Enjoys the fair, and steals her watch ;
 And he who saw through all this trade,
 And did not like it, well has said,
 He 'd rather, on this odious subject,
 Of the inquiry be the object,
 Than he who took such pains to hook 'em,
 And, therefore, fraudulently took 'em.

Were I in other's steps to tread,
 I scarcely think I should be read,
 In whate'er language I might clothe 'em,
 The people know them all, and loath 'em ;
 And it should seem the " imp of fame"
 Has, more than once, thought just the
 same ;

For had not all his friends stood by him,
 So did the subject fret and try him,
 He would long since, spite of the mob,
 Have given it up for a bad job ;
 Therefore at breakfast let him stay,
 " With whate'er appetite he may."

Ere all the evidence was closed,
 It now was properly proposed
 To call in every veteran,
 The LION's conduct well to scan.
 These gave, as men of sense and spirit,
 A splendid tribute to his merit,
 Contending, to their honour firm,
 His able judgment was the germ
 Whence grew the order, the array,
 By which so oft we 've won the day ;
 And formed, our flag where'er unfurled,
 The finest army in the world.



Now let me, nor is't yet too late,
 Public opinion deprecate,
 In all its censures and its vapours,
 That takes its tone from the newspapers.
 But they're so numerous, to attack 'em,
 All who abuse, and all who back 'em ;
 To say for interest why they've carped,
 For every one's by interest warped ;
 And why they contradict, to say
 The lie of yesterday to-day,
 Might make me, while I cut these elves,
 Almost as stupid as themselves ;
 I'll, therefore, in a shapeless mass
 Of vile confusion let them pass ;
 And only one shall take in hand,
 Who well deserves a reprimand ;
 And those who wish 't may take a sample
 Of what's their due by his example,
 Which, after all, is in compliance
 With what I promised. His defiance



I here accept, and 'scape I shan't let
 This HECTOR ; but take up his gauntlet;
 Quickly to prove, whate'er his will is,
 That, though he 's HECTOR, I 'm ACHIL-
 LES.

Now entering the critic lists,
 With pens at least, though not with fists,
 I call on Candour to opine
 The merits of his cause and mine.

And first, as in his modest mention
 He tells us he had no intention
 Upon the public voice to call,
 Until the nation had heard all ;
 Though this appeal of which he speaks
 Was 'fore the trial's end, six weeks ;
 So I, like this diurnal drudge,
 Think it indecent to prejudge,

But can a better right pretend,
For long the trial 's at an end :
And, as he boldly thought it fit,
Folly to use, and think it wit;
Lest he induce a whole dominion
To be deceived by his opinion,
(Indeed opinion 's not the phrase—
He knows no word of truth, he says,)
I think I fairly am called out,
And know, I fancy, what about.

He boldly asks, where are all those
From whom their country's deadliest foes
These charges had originated ?
Who, as the subject was debated,
Were roundly taxed with the intention
To spread through all the land dissension ?
From JACOBINS and all their schemes,
Who, in their visionary dreams,

Had hoped, from th' influence of t
devil,

Kings with the common mobs to level,
And flattered all, that, in the sequel,
Each fellow-creature should be equal.

"Speak out," cries he; "these people
show!

Where are they found?"—Does not
know?

Has he not proved he is himself

Not far removed from such an elf?

Has not his uniform employment

Been to cut up all the enjoyment

Of all his fellow-men? distressing

Their minds, and turning every blessing

Into a miserable curse,

To serve his purpose or his purse?

Is there a victory of our fleet

But he has turned to a defeat?

And this, not by fair explanation,
But hint and by insinuation?

As to the Jacobinic corps,
Which he pretends are now no more,
Let him deception leave behind him,
And say he well knows where to find 'em ;
That he has but few miles to go
The crew and their cabals to show ;
Where a young Sir, a monarch-hater,
Hugs to his heart a half-hanged traitor,
Who, almost with exhausted breath,
And verging on the brink of death,
Fast to the devil though riding post,
Yet to the last will make his boast
How many proselytes, wrong-headed,
Have to his wicked cause been wedded ;
And will, to his last hiccup, try
To raise recruits to anarchy.

Poor fool! no hopes his mind can save;
 For, ere he sink into the grave,
 Though now he scoff at wise reflection,
 Yet shall one sober recollection
 Wring with sad grief his hardened heart,
 Before his soul and body part;
 Till, while to think he shall not dare,
 He 'll die like cowards in despair;
 And, like old BEAUFORT, no sign given,
 Expire without a hope of heaven.
 My valiant HECTOR plainly sees
 There are such characters as these :
 He knows there are ; he oft solicits them ;
 And, if report says true, he visits them.
 And the old adage tells no lie,
 “ You know men by their company.”

This point, at which perhaps he 's next,
 Disposed of, let us go to the next.

Then what he's pleased to call the facts
Of the evidence he next extracts ;
Just like an epicure, who hits,
At feasts, upon the nice tid-bits ;
Or monkeys stuffing their capouches,
Hides in his jaw the best *bonne bouches*.
Thinks he, " In this same evidence
I here and there may turn the sense ;
And, as few instances I see
That stand a chance to make for me,
All that seems for me I'll elect,
And all against my cause, reject."
So on he goes, with partial extracts
To serve his purposes, and next racks
That wool of his that serves for brains,
Takes an infinity of pains,
And, as if reprobating slander,
Goes on affecting truth and candour ;
Gravely expounds, quotes text upon text ;
But never touches on the context ;

And by his headstrong facts abides,
But never owns things have two sides.

Thus he says LEO is stuck fast
By some love-letters wrote in haste;
And then, if Doctor BOBUMTHING
Did want to preach before the King,
This, at the worst, can but determine
His Majesty heard a good sermon;
And, though 't is very natural,
A Doctor may pant for a stall,
This does not prove, howe'er he search,
LEO sold places in the church.

As for the General, who such pother
Made to prove one thing, then another,
And came, as it was made appear,
In the cause a perfect volunteer;

as, in what he did advance,
 dgered out of countenance,
 used with so much bibble-babble,
 gh no man is more honourable.
 ps he feared the Lady's plan
 is a strict married man,
 with her he would dine and sup)
 wickedly to cut him up ;
 ing how best his purse to fleece,
 hus destroy domestic peace :
 es, his wishes, scarce perused,
 EO, instant were refused.
 ," says my HECTOR, " in what fashion
 e a hint or intimation
 ey of anger or reproof?"
 we behold the cloven hoof.
 : young CUPID painted blind,
 he may lead all human-kind,
 tantony-pigs, about some brim,
 hey become as blind as him ?

And this affection, with a pise to 't,
 How do we know what 't was gave rise to 't?
 We're told, and 't was on him a slur,
 What he himself had written to her ;
 But not how she, who knew to trim,
 Had first addressed herself to him ;
 And, as she made him go beyond
 Good sense, in being thus so fond,
 (For well we know she had his heart
 So sure, he 'd think it death to part,)
 She might by artful threatening grieve him,
 Lest in the dismal she might leave him.

So HECTOR here is once more caught,
 And in his argument at fault ;
 The scent he 's lost, for 't is most plain
 We want the context here again.

Though he has little more to say,
 He, even in that, shan't have his way.

Some lady, but I know not whom,
 Was brought to forward LEO's doom ;
 But this same dame, this sister sinner,
 Tells us the matter passed-at dinner :
 Some matter that concerned one FRENCH ;
 But I contend this buxom wench
 Could not tell truth ; for we are able,
 By him who must have served at table,
 To say, this kind of would-be wife
 Ne'er dined with LEO in her life.

Though Justice bade me have this fun with
 him,
 Mercy enjoins I should have done with
 him ;
 Nor like ACHILLES, without pity,
 Drag him, for gaze of all the city,
 For some to pelt and some bewail,
 At either chariot, or cart's tail ;

But leave him, in this sad condition,
With but a single admonition :

Never to wound his country's feelings
By such perpetual double-dealings ;
With edge-tools to become no joker,
To please the fancy of each croaker ;
If any ill the nation curse,
Never to make it ten times worse ;
If any victory we've won,
Ne'er say we're ruined and undone ;
Never, in short, be so absurd
To be himself the town's nay-word ;
That, when the tattle of the day
Is made the subject, folks may say,
" Poor ENGLAND now is miserable !"
That's false ! 't was in the CHRONICLE.

Let Justice in his mind take root,
And amputate the cloven foot ;

That so the comfort he may find
 Of cherishing a loyal mind,
 And be by good men ne'er forgot—
 And this I call a Patriot.

That he may mend, which I implore
 him,
 Two pictures will I bring before him ;
 One to raise hope, and one destroy,
 A subject fit for GILLEROY,
 Who, if he sees 't described in print,
 Perhaps may from it take a hint.

There stands, or rather leans, a tree ;
 Not ENGLAND'S tree of liberty,
 That 's firmly rooted, bold and stiff,
 To frown on FRANCE like DOVER CLIFF ;
 Where Freedom 's carved, in letters legible,
 Upon the oak gnarled and unwedgeable ;

That grew for centuries where the sea rose,
 And all the branches filled with heroes ;
 Born ENGLAND's glory to secure,
 From ALFRED on to Sir JOHN MOORE ;
 And thickly fruits, in annual crops,
 Like crowds of tars who line the tops.

Not Freedom's tree ; but one unsound,
 Scarce rooted, and in rotten ground.
 Its branches straggling as if drunk ;
 While, scowling from its hollow trunk,
 Faction peeps out, and points above it,
 From the first rebel to Lord LOVAT ;
 And upward loading every crook,
 From JACK CADE on to JOHN HORNE
 TOOKE,
 Still grinning with his horrid phiz,
 And " pointing at them all for his ;"
 And, as they hang in this condition,
 Clinging, in retrograde position,

Crampt and all dropping off inclined,
They tremble at each gust of wind.

These are my pictures ; let him choose—
Which to elect, and which refuse.—
But LEO's trial's at an end,
Let us the Senate now attend;
And wishing ENGLAND's foes repentance,
Wait the discussion, and the sentence.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.



CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

A calm after a tempest—Bad consequence that might have sprung from it—The discussion begun—Speech of the accuser—Allusion to the Parthians—Danger of judging the wrong way—Return to the speech—Allusion to Antony at the fall of Cæsar—Curious motion—Instance of sterling argument—A willy-nilly speaker—A speaker in his senses—Amendment of the motion—The remainder of the discussion taken up in a summary way—A touch at the Baronet, at the Lord, at the Brewer—The subject as much involved as possible on one side, and elucidated on the other—Proof endeavoured to be made out that four and four make nine—Amendment upon amendment—Leo is acquitted—He nobly resigns the command—Scene at Westminster, at Guildhall—Final remarks on the Party—Amendment of the fable of the Mouse and the Lion.

THE LION
AND
THE WATER WAGTAIL.

CANTO III.

THE trial's over, sentence past ;
The world knows how to think at last ;
And, if from truth we do not shrink,
There's only one way we *can* think.

Party has felt the nation's pulse,
And finds no symptoms that convulse
Or paralyse the constitution,
Or that predict a revolution ;
And, while their coward fear prevails,
They shrink into their shells, like snails ;

And, though a little popular,
 For men are men, and love to jar,
 Yet, like an agitated ocean,
 Which for a time is put in motion,
 Sound reason will apply a balm
 To sooth it to a perfect calm ;
 While the ship's inmates make the shore,
 The raging billow 's heard no more,
 Secure from danger, free from pain,
 'Midst rocks that frown, but frown in vain.

It has been seen, there 's no denial,
 During the progress of this trial,
 Of villany, as I predicted,
 That somebody would be convicted.
 'T is clear both sides could not be losers ;
 It must the accused be, or the accusers ;
 The accused, found guilty in that sort,
 'T is fair that he should suffer for 't ;



Justice demands it, Truth 's not firmer,
And who at her decrees dare murmur ?
And every man his friend, or brother,
Though in the world he 'd not another,
If he so shamelessly had sinned,
Should spurn him, e'en had they been
twinned.

But should he be found innocent,
And proof substantiate that 't was meant,
Because his virtues they can't reach,
Because his worth they can't impeach,
Because his high illustrious name
Vague hearsay only can defame ;
Because from all he holds that love
That envy hates, but can't remove ;
Because they fire from Faction's gun,
To wound the father through the son ;
Because, all decency abused,
They 'd make confusion more confused ;

And prove, while falsely they pretend;
 To be of every man the friend,
 That they 'd all order overthrow,
 And be of every man the foe :

I say, again, if what they meant
 Was set adrift with this intent,
 Is there in language so much nerve
 As to explain what they deserve ?
 Let TOUCHSTONE then the thing decide ;
 He 'd say, " They 're damned all of one
 side !"

Yet virtue will outwit the devil,
 And men do good where they mean evil.
 Their factious arts all must condemn ;
 But still 't will prove, no thanks to them,

Their conduct shown, and what their end
in it;

They 've served their King without intend-
ing it;

And that they hoped would be imparity,

They 've fashioned into regularity;

In what they thought 't was glorious fun

To show the nation is undone,

They have so clumsily conducted,

That all their measures are obstructed;

And that they thought would gull the na-
tion,

Has only worked their own vexation.

But let us all these figures sum;

And now to the discussion come.

First the accuser forward came,

That left-hand advocate for fame,

That fleeting shadow of a shade,
 Who others' sentiments displayed ;
 Who parrot-like spoke their desires,
 And of their puppets moved the wires.
 The Senate quiet to a man,
 He looked around him, and began :

“ Sir, in this business, all my trust is
 The Senators will do me justice ;
 (In this he need not be offended,
 For 't is the very thing intended.)
 I certainly at first felt hurt,
 That individuals should flirt
 Insinuation, close and wiry,
 At instituting this inquiry ;
 But now 't is meet that I should mention
 My grateful thanks for their attention ;
 And common justice bids me say
 All obstacles are moved away.

Thus, as each friendly pioneer
My devious road has made so clear,
And now that way I clearly see,
A labyrinth which seemed to me ;
Such damning crimes I undertake
To prove, might make ten Lions quake..

“ But first I must not quite forget
My worthy friend the Baronet ;
Who, tooth and nail, my suit did hand on,
With zeal, while he 'd a leg to stand on ;
And yet the worthy subject feels,
Though in the gout he 's laid by the heels ;
And shall with me *sink down* to fame,
Though he and 's arguments are lame ;
Nay he is here, although in bed,
For, though by the heels, he 's lent his head ;
And, while we the same issue seek,
'T is he who dictates, though I speak.

“ Next I must thank a certain Lord,
Who gave whate’er he could afford
Of argument, and of support,
Which Heaven knows I did not court;
Which from his justice came spontaneous,
With eloquence extemporaneous ;
For he no enmity has brought here,
Did never fish in troubled water,
Nor ever in his life before
Essayed to make a rocky shore.
But always, over prosperous seas,
Has sailed with a propitious breeze.

“ Now to my observations, whence
To establish all the evidence.”

He then exhausted all his store,
Told what we ’ve heard ten times before,
Played, like an actor, all the part
Which he ’d been taught to get by heart.



All he had learnt in PICCADILLY,
Where roaring roysters, willy, nilly,
During the BRENTFORD hurly-burly,
Joined in diversions coined at PURLEY ;
To which foul stream, as to its source,
Our Orator had oft recourse ;
He kept back truth, praised prostitution,
Like outlines spoiled in the execution ;
Touched all that made for their intention,
And all against it did not mention ;
And so far reason he perverted,
That lies were shown and truth deserted :
As if deceit were meritorious,
And crime and obloquy were glorious ;
As prostitution were delectable,
And infamy were turned respectable ;
Thought that 't was right to be the trumpet,
And spread the frolics of a strumpet ;
As if a woman's greatest pride
Were moral virtues to deride ;

And, as he truth of praise defrauded,
 He hoped that he should be applauded ;
 And really it is in place,
 And that no doubt he thought the case ;
 As, of our duty every tie
 We should, like dastard PARTHIANS, fly,
 With invitation base and hollow,
 Better to shoot at those who follow.

And as the world goes, since good order
 And tumult on each other border ;
 Since what is urged in reasons strong,
 We know is radically wrong,
 For fashion sake, and pray what law
 But fashion's do men care a straw ?
 Which not to keep in all its round,
 We might as well be underground—
 Some sophistry, or left-hand reason,
 Might so explain this petty treason,

That, though men act in nature's spite,
They may be radically right.

Thus fools, to make their view defective,
Take the wrong end of the perspective,
And to cylindric prints resorted,
Most perfect when they're most distorted,
That form most comely looks and smugly,
Just in proportion as 't is ugly ;
So did our Judge neglect propriety,
To court the House and notoriety ;
To be well toasted, by men drunk,
His name still coupled with his punk,
Or voted freedom through the nation,
Proxied by some old corporation,
Yet had he something still to say,
Which in his conduct's the best trait.

Before he his fine speech concluded,
Which for three hours he had obtruded,

He did not think in all his charge,
 Either the House, the world at large,
 Or he it meant to castigate,
 (He 'd better said, annihilate,)
 No, nor his venerable Sire,
 Could find one fault in his desire—
 Which was, that all the world might scout,
 Record his crimes, and turn him out ;
 For, said the worthy wight, again,
 They all are honourable men.

Just so the crafty ANTONY,
 When murdered he saw CÆSAR lie,
 Thinking he 'd make a decent job
 If he could gain the stupid mob,
 Blamed BRUTUS, CASSIUS, who imbrued
 Their wrathful weapons in his blood ;
 Yet swore again, and yet again,
 They all were honourable men.

Our wight, I'd almost said our black,
When he had finished his attack,
Desired his motion, with an air,
Might now be read out from the Chair.
Scarce was this done, but down he sat,
And all began to smell a rat ;
The motion, in quaint language couched,
For every accusation vouched.
First it insisted, without doubt,
Our LEO's crimes were all found out ;
Yet, were the contrary the case,
Still must he be turned out of place ;
And begged the King, in each event,
Most cheerfully to give consent ;
Which into ENGLISH if translated,
Means this, if it be fairly stated,
Your son is guilty ; but if not,
We still insist he go to pot.

An ancient Member, in a speech
 That TULLY might despair to reach,
 In manly language, unadorned,
 Showed how such nonsense should be
 scorned ;
 Proved our wight's words were merely
 gleanings ;
 That specious facts have different meanings ;
 That things, apparent on one side,
 Seemed to reverse what they implied ;
 That men might ring the changes round,
 And yet no word of truth be found.
 He then this sophistry well sifted,
 The veil of ENVY from it lifted,
 And that for truth weak fools might con-
 strue,
 He plainly showed a hideous monster ;
 That soon the charge, which looked so
 fair,
 Exposed thus, vanished to " thin air."

All this from one, none could suspect
 Of being warped, to whom respect
 Was due from all, in every part,
 From every tongue, and every heart,
 Who an inducement could not have
 To be the pander, or the slave,
 Or tool, of any one in power,
 One who approached the solemn hour,
 To Him who fills the heavenly throne,
 When he his motives must make known;
 From one who could not be inclined
 To palter, both infirm and blind;
 Replete with reverence and years,
 And deaf alike to hopes and fears.

This speech, with nought but truth to
 embellish it,
 He stomached ill; he did not relish it.
 He bit his lips; almost took shame;
 He frowned; his colour went and came.

At length a dasher, in his way,
Just to relieve him, said his say:
“ It does not signify a jot
Whether these facts are proved or not;
Whether we 've faults ourselves, or wink
At others' faults, the same I think;
And, howe'er guiltless of rapacity,
Every thing proves his incapacity.
In times like these we should not wince,
O'erlook great crimes, and matters mince;
Nor shall a being on the earth
Convince me that a man's high birth,
In such a case, ought to avail,
Or in his favour turn the scale.
Then let us stand to the thing, stout,
And, head and shoulders, turn him out.”

This pepper-corn, so pert and glib,
His sputtering over, like a squib,



Now sat down quietly enough,
While some looked wise and some took
snuff.

A Senator, a kind of chief,
Rose up, and said 't was his belief
This bluster, made by the last speaker,
Had proved their cause weaker and weaker ;
And that for nothing else he rose
Than every thinking man to pose ;
But 't was in vain his breath to spend ;
The noble speech of 's learned friend,
Against such hollow trash and rotten,
Could not be easily forgotten.
'T was full of eloquence and grace,
As any which adorned that place ;
It might teach age, might model youth,
For it breathed reason, and told truth ;
It eloquence with vigour blended,
And from his tongue virtue came mended.

“ Let all the House, let all the nation,
With firmness meet this accusation.
We 're not on niceties to go,
But we 're to answer Yes, or No.
There 's not a vice, there 's not a crime,
Committed since the birth of Time,
If they accuse him not amiss,
But 's innocence compared to this;
And, if content say all this Court,
He 's guilty, let him suffer for 't.

“ But now they scent another wind,
And subterfuges lurk behind.
The Accuser undertook to say
LEO was guilty, yesterday ;
To-day, he fears no proof is found,
And, therefore, sily shifts his ground,
And wants us to address the King,
Whether this House a verdict bring

Of guilty, or of fair acquittal,
 It matters not a single tittle ;
 But, wrong or right, in our belief,
 He must no more command in chief.

“ Is all this order ? is 't decorous ?
 Look at the documents before us ;
 Let us not shuffle, palter, lurk,
 Nor meanly from the question shirk ;
 Nor, shrinking from the accusation,
 Fear the reproach of a whole nation,
 But well to sift this prosecution,
 Let's ' put on manly resolution'.”

He then the evidence went o'er,
 And well confuted it once more ;
 Traced all the obloquy, and terror,
 That might accompany one error ;
 Which, even though no crime take place,
 Might bring a man in such disgrace,

So very nearly his undoing,
 That out of folly might come ruin;
 That sacred and religious bands,
 Once broke, and given from his hands,
 Might so bewilder and enslave him,
 Nor friends, nor all the world, could save
 him.

His comments to the House were dry;
 But, when he named adultery,
 'T was an electric shock, throughout,
 And they began to look about;
 As if each of the members in 't
 Thought he had glanced at him a hint;
 Some cried, "This man makes mighty free!
 Surely he does not squint at me?"
 He said, licentious men to awe,
 It once was thought a penal law
 Against this crime at once would finish it,
 Or, at the worst, greatly diminish it;

But that 't was scouted, as pragmatical,
 Savouring of something too fanatical,
 And rather over-much devout,
 Therefore the Members kicked it out.

Certainly views may be insidious;
 And, under doctrines too fastidious,
 That which professes to be right,
 May spring from the worst hypocrite;
 But ought a crime, whence may arise
 The worst of human miseries,
 Which with such evils is attended,
 On *any* ground to be defended?
 For not to use our utmost strength,
 To punish crimes, may go the length,
 All social duty to forget,
 And crime encourage and abet.
 Shall it be ever understood
 The ENGLISH laws can be too good?

Or that they can be loosely framed,
 So that bold vice cannot be shamed ?
 No ; let us not depend on form,
 That shame eludes, and shelters harm,
 But let the law at once speak out,
 Nor leave a loop to hang a doubt ;
 And, since adultery 's the cause
 That men infringe all sacred laws,
 Even to the cottage, from the palace,
 Let the adulterer fear the gallows,

Is this fanatic ? or is't care,
 That laws were better than they are ?
 Were such a law once passed as this,
 'T would rectify what is amiss ;
 And he who moved it, for a time
 Though shunned as if he 'd done some
 crime,
 Would, in the end, by such restrictions,
 Draw down a thousand benedictions.

By one thing we should be degraded ;
 It would be constantly evaded ;
 For so, though home is brought the fact,
 Is every day the duel act ;
 For, though it holds out death for murder,
 Seldom or ever 's carried further
 Than manslaughter, or self-defence,
 Under whatever the pretence ;
 And, though we 're told, once every week,
 Of men who satisfaction seek,
 Though death the doom, and base the
 action,
 The public ne'er gets satisfaction.
 Why was he cleared ? say you who can :—
 The murderer was a gentleman ;
 And to hang him would be quite cruel,
 Who his friend murdered in a duel ;
 And if this law 's made to no end,
 And each man 's safe who kills his friend,

He who seduces his friend's wife,
 And robs him of far more than life,
 No doubt, by custom's mild decree,
 May commit murder and go free;
 For murder 't is of the worst kind,
 Of happiness, and peace of mind.

To put the reader in possession
 Of that we left by this digression,
 Which I perhaps had reason for,
 We 'll listen to our Senator.

"What! does the gentleman pretend
 We ought to vote to serve his end;
 As if we thought it a mere trifle,
 Every authority to stifle?
 Perhaps he here has militated
 'Gainst his own cause, and vitiated
 All his best proofs; for why should we
 Want information more than he?

How was he tutored to unfold
 What we have heard; by whom was 't told?
 How got he his intelligence,
 But from the WAGTAIL'S mouth! and
 hence

Came accusation, charge, demur,
 Suggested and approved by her;
 He 's whistled hither at her call,
 He from her anger heard it all.
 Was any one, in any place,
 Witness and judge in his own case?
 Yet he a syllable ne'er heard,
 Till he for truth had ta'en her word.
 That word, of falsity convicted,
 A hundred ways she 's contradicted.
 Let us not then keep truth so distant,
 But be collected, and consistent;
 To virtue as we prove the friend,
 Let me the motion thus amend:

“That charges were 'gainst LEO brought,
To prove he places sold and bought ;
Which having all been fairly heard,
His character was fully cleared.

“But, as 't was true, as they persisted,
A wrong connexion has existed,
Against his honour and his name
That might a handle give to fame ;
And as from this no one dissented,
And as 't was much to be lamented,
He might admonished be, the rather
That he had such a noble father.”

This of the matter was the essence ;
For though much truth and effervescence
Followed, alternately, the question,
Readers must have a good digestion,



And minds well stocked with store of patience,

Verbatim to read the relations ;

But yet, in language neat and trim,

'T were requisite the cream we skim.

As if the House teemed with insanity,

Each Member spoke to show his vanity ;

And many members of the law

Who value truth no single straw ;

Who speak that men may be deceived,

And little care to be believed ;

One challenged all the people's thanks,

Like rivers that o'erflow their BANKS,

Rose up and swelled, and, ere he closed,

A new amendment he proposed,

When he had done, with wise intendment,

Amendment soon begat amendment,

Till Yes, or No, none could descry,

And truth was lost in nicety.

One Member rose in fume and wrath,
A pot of porter capped with froth;
Two hours in each position put,
Not truth entire, but truth all but;
Debated on, and deprecated
All angry threatenings, which he stated
Were meant to taint the accuser's name;
Who had, to everlasting fame,
Handed, in spite of their asperity,
His glorious name to late posterity;
And that the thanks of such a House
Were not the value of a louse,
In his more solid estimation,
For he 'd receive the thanks of the nation.
He knew that they 'd have a majority,
But what was that? a great minority
Carried most hearts, and none supposes,
Though 't other might outnumber noses,
They would not win, and thus minority
Were more by odds than a majority.



He then attacked, though his dear friend,
 The speaker who had said the end
 He should like well, but not the means,
 On which the accuser his cause leans ;
 But I'll now leave his speech emetical,
 And put a question hypothetical.

Suppose a father and a son,
 Who different ways applause have won ;
 Suppose that both, men's hearts to cheer,
 Are brewers of right LONDON beer ;
 Suppose that, if in Court, they both
 Were fairly put upon their oath,
 That one would swear there's not two drops,
 In 's beer, but 's made from malt and hops ;
 T' other, if asked in question serious,
 If his en't rather deleterious,
 Says there are secrets in all trades,
 And neatly the demand evades ;

One who a BRITON, and content,
 Loves both the King and Government ;
 And is delighted to solicit,
 To view his works, a royal visit ;
 T' other, the secret long let in,
 Has something of the JACOBIN ;
 Holds liberty and freedom dear,
 Almost as much as ROBESPIERRE.
 One who will all his anger wreak,
 And speak—" O Gods, how he will speak !"

Last, that the father 's in his grave,
 While a great nation, just and brave,
 Will often take of 's life a sample,
 And model theirs by his example ;
 While t' other, trampling on his ashes,
 Deals roundly democratic lashes,
 For fame and popularity,
 Though I defy him to tell why.

But this will ever be the case;
 Riot-run wit will truth disgrace,
 When it is mixed with ill relations,
 And miserable communications;
 For when in milk one drop of ink
 Shall cloud its whiteness, as it sink,
 'T will, as it works its artful way,
Turn the corrupted mass to GREY.

The Baronet got up, at length,
 And laid it on with all his strength,
 He first the Ministers attacked,
 That, while it was their place to act
 Just as the people chose to range,
 They should perform a part so strange
 As to suppose they dared condemn,
 Or clear, without consulting them.

A learned gentleman had said
 The WAGTAIL many tricks had played;

And, 'mongst the rest, eight times was heard
Belie what she before averred ;
(Eight times one would have thought quite
plenty; .

But he said it was eight and twenty.)
He, for his own part, was that dunce
He could not find she had erred once ;
Then, as to the foul accusation,
Laid to her charge by imputation,
Of trick, fraud, forgery, or vice ;
He never knew one half so nice ;
Those who believed it not, were *blind*.

To such a female 't was unkind !
But she had soared a magic pitch
Which made 'em think she was a witch,
A maid of ORLEANS, a devil—
Was ever rudeness so uncivil ?
She had been keen enough to probe
The gentlemen of the long robe



So deeply, she had made them wince.
 True, they 'd the honour of a Prince
 To set up, yet not worth a souce,
 Placed by the honour of that House;
 (Which, by-and-by, at Faction's call,
 He'll vouch no honour has at all :)
 But 't was quite easy to perceive
 Which side the world ought to believe;
 And, if those Speakers who maintained
 That LEO has a verdict gained,
 Just to withdraw would be so kind,
 All would be quickly of one mind.

Some thought absurd this modest wish;
 Some that it smelt of stinking fish;
 While others said 't was rather rude,
 And that he 'd done more harm than good.

But, having now dispatched this leader,
 Both to my Muse, and to the reader,

To give a seasonable relief,
Like HAMLET's Ghost, " I must be brief."

From every one his bolt was launched,
And into parts the speeches branched;
Which every thing, but truth, could teach,
And may be thus called parts of speech;
So quaint, distorted, out of joint,
That reason was left off, for point.

They tried to prove, with might and
weight,
That four and four did not make eight;
But, while to pose was their design,
Showed that it ought to count for nine.
Vainly did any strive to show
The right way, they the wrong would go;
And had from Christmas talked till June,
To prove 't was always night at noon.



In short, it is astonishing
How men of sense were taken in ;
For those who had on truth decided,
Were now upon the theme divided,
Though not a being in the place
Could really mistake the case ;
Yet many fancied they perceived
That which could never be believed,
And, as when men, lost in a throng,
Go on persisting they're not wrong,
They of the real path lose sight,
And fondly fancy they are right,
And headstrong keep the adverse way,
Though every step leads them astray ;
So many did, and men of sense,
To honour who had good pretence,
Swore they were right with all their force,
Though they had run out of the course.

The WAGTAIL was of lies convicted;
She had been often contradicted;
Her impudence, 't was truth to own,
Had been the boldest ever known:
Most to admire her bold temerity,
Or in her lies the neat dexterity,
Her cutting, shuffling, twisting, shifting,
All which she *must* have had some drift in,
How well she aped a modest grace,
Yet longed to laugh in every face;
How well she for their praises fished
To carry every point she wished:

All this was seen, and was allowed;
Yet, led like sheep, they blindly bowed
To all she said, spite of her trimming,
And owned, of all the clever women,
Young, old, fair, tawny, widows, wives,
They ne'er saw her like in their lives.



Her like! why no, there never was;
And on this hitches all the cause,
And I say, as I join the cry,
There never was—for infamy!
And this same fair, foul, wretched elf,
Thinks at this moment so herself;
Which, like a crude mishapen nummock,
Will not sit easy on her stomach;
But which, spite of each various lover,
She 'll never easily get over:
Nay, we shall see, that in the end,
Against this tool she calls her friend,
She 'll take, for trapping her, a whim
To lay an artful trap for him;
For this same stigma, he has brought on
her,
Has in her ugly mind so wrought on her,
That, like a poisoned dart, or knife,
'T will haunt her in her dreams through life.



The circumstance puts me in mind
 Of one they tell of the same kind;
 When JONATHAN, his surname WILD,
 One day with taunts his wife reviled;
 Who at his anger coolly wondered,
 That she of lovers had a hundred.
 JONATHAN's words, not over-nice,
 Taxed her with every kind of vice;
 And launched a term, spite of her tears,
 Not very soft to female ears.

JONATHAN, afterwards, harangued
 His friends, when sentenced to be hanged;
 And, at this proper close of life,
 Received a visit from his wife.
 She pitied him, she stamp'd, and swore;
 Said she should ne'er know comfort more;
 The standers-by, for all her horror,
 Knew she 'd a lover waiting for her:



Still did she storm, still did she cry,
 " Ah ! husband, now you are to die,
 I love you to so great a pitch—
 But, Mister WILD, why call me ——?"

For such a very wretched woman,
 Though certainly the thing is common,
 How came it LEO left his station?
 Owing, perhaps, to education.

LEO's first tutor, that great King,
 Of whom so many nations ring,
 Though, when the glorious theme was arms,
 Nothing but honour had its charms,
 Yet, when enough his duty taxed,
 He, and perhaps too oft, relaxed ;
 When all was fun, and who but he,
 In his retirement Sans Souci;
 Where, led on by the gay VOLTAIRE,
 Pleasure with favourites he 'd share ;

And, to make his enjoyment sure,
He locked, but first wrote o'er the door,
That no intruding guests might come,
To-day the King is not at home.

So lawyers in the key-hole's cavern,
When dining at the DEVIL Tavern,
That they might be to clients civil,
Poked a brief note, "Gone to the Devil."

Thus from a warrior to a suitor
When LEO turned, like his great tutor,
He prudence might not quite evince ;
But, thus relaxed, shook off the Prince ;
And, at the honest truth to come,
The Lion then was not at home.

But still I keep the thing in doubt,
By circumstances thus spun out :

Brief let me be : the question 's heard,
 LEO was honourably cleared,
 When he, to crown his reputation,
 Nobly gave in his resignation.

Can, after this, the Party urge
 Aught in defence ? after this scourge,
 This castigation for their crimes,
 With which they dared disturb the times,
 Just at the moment they insisted
 No JACOBINIC trait existed?
 They can, they dare : with spirit curst,
 Prove all that from the very first
 I vouched to prove, alas, too true !
 Of their abandoned, wicked crew.

I said, and no one could mistake it,
 That, if they *found* not crime, they 'd *make* it;
 And, though they yet are in disgrace
 With all good men, they have the face

To tell us, as they gnash each tooth,
 As MACBETH's witches lied like truth,
 They conquered have, by stratagem,
 And LEO's yielding was through them.

Poor wretches! miserable, and sad,
 Are all their strange ideas bad?
 And is it to be understood
 They've not a single one that's good?
 We know that bad their every act is,
 That virtue's not within their practice,
 That to foul vice each action leans:
 But don't they know what virtue means?
 Indeed! why then 't were not amiss
 That I should tell 'em; it means this:
 When malice and when mischief brewing,
 In coward minds to work the ruin
 Of one illustrious and in place,
 Who clears himself to their disgrace,

With noble-minded pride he burns,
 And such a place, so held, he spurns.
 By this is real virtue meant,
 And may the public not repent !
 For long the army, one and all,
 Shall wish his talents to recall,
 Though him who holds his situation
 The King approves and all the nation.

All who 're not with me, for their sins,
 I here denounce as JACOBINS ;
 Men who from ENVY poison sucked ;
 Men who the common-weal obstruct ;
 Who, like King RICHARD, have no brothers ;
 But, bad themselves, hate good in others ;
 And, that I may not stand alone,
 All this I 'll make the nation own.

Are there not who disseminate
 Disturbance 'gainst the Church and State ;

Who spread, like nets, with art industrious,
 Traps to entangle the illustrious ;
 Who still, by system, have intruded
 Lies by which idiots are deluded ;
 Who fain would sap the constitution,
 And signals give for revolution,
 And hope their doctrine may obtain,
 Like PETER PINDAR, and TOM PAINE,
 Whose works, so wicked and so bold,
 By thousands through the world have sold ;
 While sweet Religion, mild and meek,
 By clamour drowned, dared not to speak,
 But kept retired within itself,
 Laid by, neglected, on the shelf.

Such men, as if some fury drove 'em,
 Alas, there are ! " and these are of 'em."
 And their old leader, harpy-fanged,
 Not yet (the more 's the pity !) hanged ;

When drunk, he the King's ENGLISH clipt,
 Ere yet his gown was from him stript,
 As bold he ventured in some fray,
 Exulting loud, was heard to say,
 " The revolution is begun,
 He who would stop it, hard must run."

All this is true ; and I defy
 The world to give this truth the lie ;
 And, like most other whims and fashions,
 That warp our senses and our passions,
 I might a stronger truth advance,
 And say it took a hint from FRANCE.

When JOHNNY WILKES was all the cry,
 And Forty-five and Liberty,
 Though all his frolics were amiss,
 'T was innocence compared to this.
 He ruled the roast, was quite the vogue,
 Was of the mob the demagogue ;

And, when he went to the King's Bench,
 Regaled with treason and a wench,
 He through the kingdom, for his pranks,
 Received large presents and warm thanks.

But JOHNNY never minced the matter ;
 He let 'em cheer him, let 'em chatter ;
 And, though he made them all his tools,
 He called them every one damned fools.
 Though he could well harangue and write,
 He never was a hypocrite,
 Or of his virtue made a rout ;
 His sins were open, he spoke out ;
 He laughed at every man's rebuke,
 And, if he quarrelled with HORNE TOOKE,
 'T was, purposely, to let him see
 Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

When from each town, and from each
 county,
 Poured fast as hops the nation's bounty ;
 And every day gave new increase ;
 Hams, turkeys, silver spoons, and geese,
 Forty-five tongues, forty-five fowls ;
 He said they all were stupid owls,
 But he the worst ; for, had he writ on
 Just to the fifty-fifth NORTH BRITON,
 So had increased his precious store,
 Of each he 'd had ten presents more.

This was no blinking, no hypocrisy ;
 But downright impudent democracy ;
 And, after with the mob he 'd sported,
 He ministerial favour courted ;
 And took as calmly their good things,
 And talked of governments and kings,
 With such apparent force and zeal,
 As if he first began to feel ;

And, having tried to kick it down,
He studied to replace the crown.

Now at this moment there 's a cit,
Quite stupid, though he deals in wit,
With the guilt of JOHN, though not the
cunning,

Who is the self-same gauntlet running ;
A different man in different places,
At court, and city, wears two faces ;
Who can dispute, and rail, and jar,
'Gainst kings, on one side TEMPLE BAR ;
On t' other side vicegerents call 'em,
And praises lavish and extol 'em ;
And, in his chariot, as one half,
A foolscap volume bound in calf,
Can flatter, trouble, kiss the breech,
To gain some point he 'll never reach ;
The other half joins in the joys
Of roaring Liberty's white boys ;

And, "to keep people in the dark,"
Can toast the Cause and Mrs. CLARKE.

But the most daring wight of all
Is he who, ripe at Faction's call,
Dashing in mud through thick and thin,
Cries, "Heads, you lose; and, tails, I win."
Caricature of a mad Quixote;
Who wholesale deals in ipse dixit;
A furious maniac with a sword;
A bull, that friend and foe he gored,
Who foaming deals about his wrath,
Yet all his anger is but froth:
Part hog, part serpent, and part goose,
Who fancies wit in foul abuse;
Sauce democratic high to season,
Who utters every thing but treason;
In every faith who'd make a schism—
Great devotee of egotism!

Who fancies, or at least professes,
 That he within himself possesses
 The rythm, the merit, and the brains
 Of all who 've ventured in bold strains ;
 That JUNIUS, CHURCHILL, and such writers,
 To disaffection bold excitors,
 In him are all comprized in one ;
 They 're but fixed stars, while he 's the sun.

But vanity hoodwinks this calf ;
 Of their strong parts he has but half ;
 He has their shameless impudence ;
 But to their reason, truth, or sense,
 That tried to prove the state in danger,
 Poor idiot, he 's an utter stranger !
 And sees not, while he courts the rabble
 With heterogeneous gibble-gabble,
 And fools give praise to bloat and fat him,
 All men of sense are laughing at him.

At BILLINGSGATE a mighty stager ;
I mean the doughty Serjeant-major.

And now we talk of BILLINGSGATE,
I a droll story will relate,
That fits him like as they were twins,
Pat as two pepper-corns, or pins,

A foreigner, to see the town,
Went to that region of renown ;
And civil spoke ; but the replies
Were only, " D—n your limbs and eyes."
While they their pretty rigs were running,
He soon assumed his native cunning,
And, hearing at each word a damn,
It struck him how these prigs he 'd bam ;
He hit on something out of hand.
He knew they could not understand ;
And, putting on an angry air,
To make the mob around him stare,

He cried, "Damn CICERO, damn CATO,
 Damn ALCIBIADES, damn PLATO,
 Damn CÆSAR, damn ANAXAGORAS,
 Damn EUPOLIS, damn PHILOCHORUS."
 "Damn!" cried out one; "I say, you JACK,
 This fellow takes us all aback :
 Come, bear a hand, or worse will follow ;
 At blackguardism he beats us hollow."

So other men sound sense have writ,
 Fair argument, and solid wit ;
 But, when to blackguarding they fall,
 The Serjeant-major tops them all.
 Then let him beat up for recruits,
 As ORPHEUS fiddled to the brutes ;
 Let him delight all stupid logs,
 The wonder of the HAMPSHIRE hogs ;
 When all his fizzing's spent, the elf,
 Like other squibs, will die of 's self.

**Meantime, let this pestiferous railer
Court left-hand plaudits and Miss TAYLOR.**

Now, when I've tacked about once more,
I shall bring up on a bold shore ;
Where prohibition, or embargo,
Shall not impede to land my cargo ;
Which, as an honest denizen,
I've sought to please my countrymen.
Upon the tack which now I fall,
My bows point to a certain Hall,
Where every kind of law and scandal
Wigs of all sorts are used to handle :
There the whole party, old and young,
To prove that I the truth have sung,
And that they still stick to their tether,
To speak out are convened together ;
To show that truth the Brewer had spoke,
Who said the accuser would provoke

The united thanks, by acclamation,
As with one voice, of all the nation.

On the hustings all the party get,
Six thousand Patriots round are met,
And, while plebeians join applause,
They advocate the good old cause ;
And, as they virtue laugh to scorn,
Own Lion, nor yet Unicorn,
Was meant by what they had brought for-
ward ;

They only that pretext had borrowed,
That they once more might rail, and storm,
Till they could bring about reform.

They made the statutes then advance,
And stand up in a country dance.
Old Habeas-corpus played the fiddle,
The Bill of Rights led through the middle,

And Magna-charta, in amaze,
 Was lugged about to dance the heys,
 While COLDBATH FIELDS joined hands with
 speed,
 And chassée'd o'er to RUNNIMBDE.

Then they expounded, as before,
 That large was less, and small was more,
 That they who voted *for* were ins,
 Therefore their verdict not two pins
 Of value was, because in place ;
 The outs were of the populace,
 And voted, as they ought, *against*,
 By a great people's sanction fenced ;
 Therefore the least, that is, the most,
 Who would, but could not, get some post,
 Had, clear as mustard, won the day,
 And Amen let the people say!
 And thus their claim they made appear,
 In logic's terms, almost as clear,

**As in amazement on they ran,
Like BAYES's Prince and Fisherman.**

**Then, not to let the matter rest,
They said the House should be addressed,
And be well badgered to consent
To a free and equal Parliament ;
A previous step that, in the sequel,
Would henceforth make all subjects equal.
Then having thanked, in language swim-
ming,
The Patriots, children, and old women,
All the six thousand who had heard,
They left the hustings, and were cheered.**

**Yet bowing as they went along,
Some awkward things burst from the throng :
" I say, why, they 're, though hearty cocks,
Not half so 'cute as CHARLEY FOX."**

One, whom they all pronounced an oaf,
 Asked when they 'd make the quartern loaf
 Twelvence; another of these wights
 Cried, " Pray put out the window-lights."
 And one cried, " Go it, porter 's five-
 pence;
 These lads will bring it down to three-pence."
 Some who enjoyed the fun kept snug,
 And one odd fellow cried " Humbug!"

They tell us that there was no riot,
 That the six thousand were all quiet;
 'T was in the morn'ing—they are right;
 But do they tell us how at night,
 When, at the alehouse, they increased
 To sixty thousand at the least;
 When each became a partizan,
 To warp his fellow-artizan;
 That he might blow this firebrand,
 To kindle mischief through the land!

Do they this naked truth unfold,
Which ought in mercy to be told,
Lest BRITONS doctrines, false, advance,
Which were imported first from FRANCE ;
And, as our coward fears degrade us,
Ask BUONAPARTE to invade us.

No ; they at distance watch and lurk,
The poison given, to see it work.

And now, to take 'em all aback,
I come upon the other tack,
And steer where many a broil, and ball,
Scare GOG and MAGOG, in GUILDHALL.

With knock-down argument so neatly,
They 're met to do the thing completely ;
And, that they better may be heard,
They have resolved no single word,

But what they utter, shall be suffered,
 Not one, by whomsoever offered;
 And all this, under the correction
 Of candour and of truth's inspection.
 Cries one, " Our arguments are fair
 As daylight is—knock down the Mayor.
 Yes, we have nothing that 's fermentative—
 Hiss that there bawling representative;
 Party among us has no factor—
 Pray stop the mouth of that contractor."

Next LEO is their wrath to rue,
 For he's condemned—that is not true.
 Of peculation he 's convicted—
 This has before been contradicted.
 He caused abuse he ought to scorn—
 Which had obtained 'fore he was born.
 And thus he had contrived to chouse
 The Directors of the INDIA-HOUSE.

In short, all manner of vexations
 That great men cause to plague all nations,
 Now, and for ever, at all times,
 Had issued from his flagrant crimes ;
 And, as to Ministers of State,
 Of thousands, one cent, seventy-eight,
 They, at this time, the people chouse,
 When the late Ministry, no souse
 Converted to their private use,
 Nor e'er connived at one abuse.
 And thus, while round the livery flanked
 him,
 He truth professed, for which they thanked
 him ;
 Nay he, to prove his motions fair,
 Begged their consent to make the Mayor
 Put, just to lay him on the shelf,
 A resolution 'gainst himself.
 For, as the Senate laws might bring
 To prove there ought to be no King ;

Just so the City might declare,
As law, there ought to be no Mayor.
Thus while on him all power devolved
To things so put, and so resolved,
He said the question he'd submit,
As for the nation's benefit;
Then, knocking down one side, magnam
mously,
The other side cried, "Ay, unanimously."

Thus did the Party gain their point,
And prove "the times are out of joint."
And, though the nation sees the hum of it,
Though they've meant harm, some good
may come of it.

The truth is, and it shall be granted,
That thorough reformation's wanted;
But when's the time, or where the place?
This has not ever been the case.

This Minister succeeds the last,
 The present always blames the past ;
 So fares it with the glorious sun,
 For ages that its course has run,
 Yet there are fools, prone to hit blots,
 Who in its splendour find some spots ;
 And, were the Minister we 're given,
 In worth, an angel sent from Heaven,
 With madness and with folly seized,
 The refractory would not be pleased,
 But, still unquiet, ne'er at rest,
 Make others, like themselves, unblest'd.

Of all this mischief, sworn and votive,
 I 've pretty well explained the motive ;
 But, lest the world should be in doubt,
 The naked truth is now come out.
 The accuser, on his honour, said
 Of no man's blame he was afraid ;

And begged it might be understood
 He 'd no end, but the public good ;
 As to the WAGTAIL, he disclaimed
 All knowledge of her tricks, and blamed
 Those who believed it not—the fool !
 She was not his—he was her tool :
 Could he not see the time would come,
 When, placed under her very thumb,
 She only watched her opportunity
 To blazon forth their close community !
 This she has done ; and, though his fury
 Dared to the test an ENGLISH jury,
 An ENGLISH jury has decreed
 He has been false, in word and deed ;
 That they most grossly were deceived ;
 That he can never be believed ;
 That he 's undone, disdained, despised ;
 That all the world, better advised,
 Their fascinating error see,
 And he is sent to COVENTRY ;

Where he may doggedly retire,
Indulge his ineffectual ire,
While slow compunction shall awaken him,
That all have, *even his friends*, forsaken
him.

The cunning WAGTAIL holds him sure;
Enjoys his very furniture;
Exulting in the glorious thought,
That even the trap which him had caught,
Now having "pushed him from his stool,"
She 'll set, to catch some other fool.

Then let them all their errors see,
And, being ENGLISHMEN, be free;
Free to be brotherly, forgiving,
And wedded to the land they live in;
Or, as they quit it to a man,
Find such another, if they can.



Now, having done with every quarrel,
In an old tale I 'll shroud my moral.

'T is fabled of the Mouse and Lion,
A story I have set my eye on,
As the most pat that I could get,
That, when entangled in a net,
The kingly beast, basely betrayed,
Availed himself of humble aid,
And, from the ignoble bondage freed,
Thanked his deliverer for the deed.

PILPAY and ÆSOP both insist
On this ; but I, a fabulist,
Know well, in circumstance and act,
Who differently relates the fact.

By love, and something else, excited,
The lion and the pard, united,

Beget the leopard ; but the pard,
 A fate that seems a little hard,
 As fraught with lust her rage increases,
 Tears the poor lion all to pieces.

A Lion, so goes his relation,
 Once, under the same fascination,
 And in his folly too far gone,
 Through secret foes, who egged him on,
 In evil hour, by this seduction
 Had very nearly met destruction ;
 But that his friends, from shame to cover
 him,
 A well-wrought net with care threw over
 him.

Not such a net, but the reverse,
 That mythologic bards rehearse,
 And 'fore the gods played such a farce,
 That covered VENUS and her MARS ;

For that amused OLYMPUS' court,
To show how VULCAN could spoil sport.

Our Lion's net was to cure strife,
And guard his honour and his life;
Yet, having thus from prudence swerved,
He so much punishment deserved.

JOVE saw his thralldom, at a distance,
And sent a Mouse to his assistance ;
Which, as it disengaged each thread,
Some moral lecture to him read ;
And, when at length it set him free,
Touched of his heart the master-key ;
And, knowing all was goodness there,
Bade him in future to beware ;
Showed in what way, even from shame,
Repented, might spring up fair fame ;
And, error shunned by care industrious,
The illustrious might grow more illustrious ;

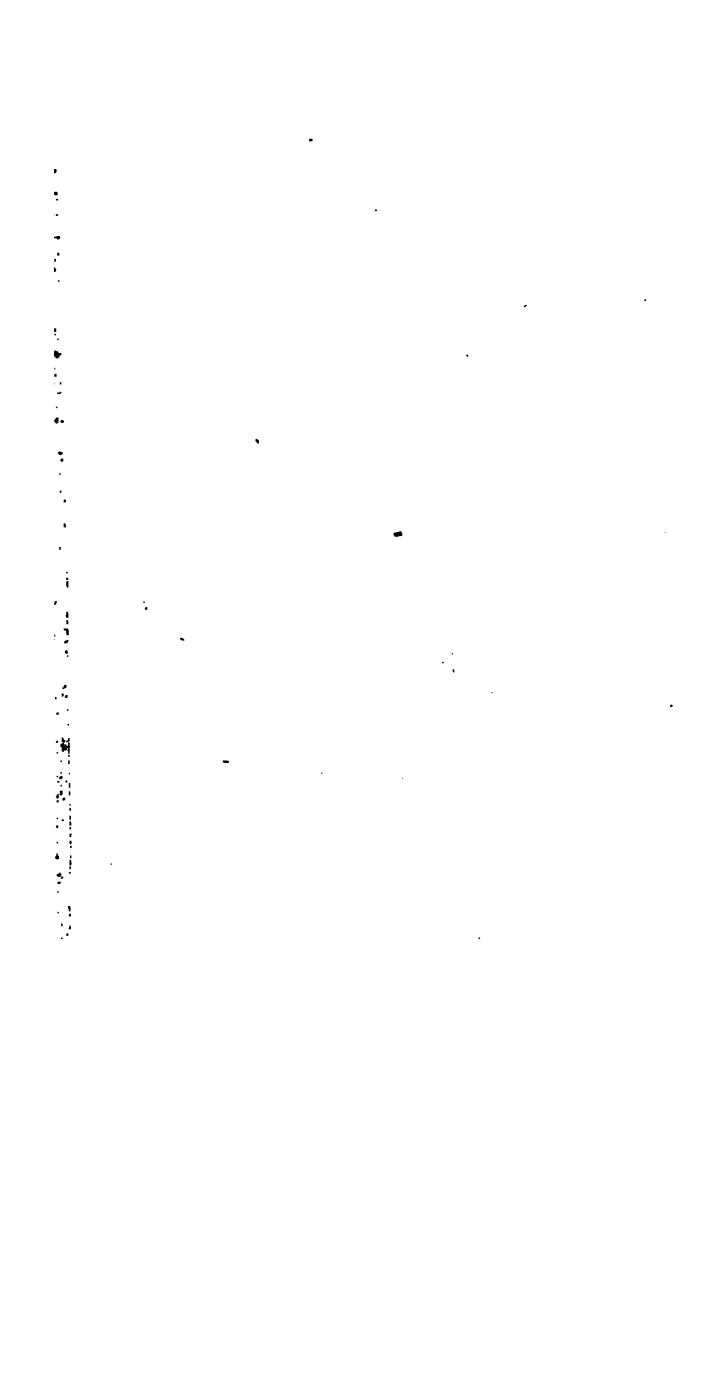
That he might see, by the great care
He took to free him from his snare,
Great things are wrought by little means,
And Heaven to good intentions leans ;
Bade him on these things ponder well,
And hail him as his oracle ;
From past experience prudence gather,
And emulate his royal father.

THE END.

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